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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1926 — NUMBER 36

The Man Himself

WHAT a curious and elusive thing is personality! Nothing is more easily recognizable; it sits in the tilt of a hat, it thrills in the tone of a voice, it is revealed by a gesture or the wording of a phrase. This one has it, this one has not—but how can the obvious be demonstrated? Not one good author in a hundred masters the spell that puts it into words. The others call the spirit from the vasty deep but it does not answer them. There are ways of evading the penalty of failure, which is that no one will read your book, the commonest of which is to keep saying that the hero has character, the heroine has charm, until the hypnotic effect of repetition makes the reader believe that they are personalities. Another way is to borrow those idiosyncrasies of appearance or dress which have become symbols of temperament. Such fashions change with the years. About 1900 grey eyes meant a sprightly soul in women and a swinging stride was an index of character in men. In the 1920's a crooked smile was supposed to be meaningful, and silk shirts and flowing ties were potent before the war had made silk on the male a substitute for the full dinner pail. A tip-tilted nose (on a girl) is still regarded as a useful bit of suggestion; strong chins, at the moment, are a little démodé; but much can be accomplished by pert slang or rangy skirts.

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This is all legerdemain, the tricks of third-class minds; the best novelists and playwrights scorn such stereotypes, yet they often fail to put real personality into a book otherwise excellent. In the nineteenth century this happened usually in the romance, where the reader asked only for the hint of a heroic outline or a charming silhouette before plunging into adventure. Just now it is the most thoughtful novelists who best get on without the illusion of flesh and blood, although their best suffers of course from the shade less than reality. They study psychology so carefully that every mood and action of their characters can be proved to be an inevitable development from sound premises. Everything is real and true about the story except the characters, who are abstractions, like men and women in everything but life. The excellently contrived story of "Clara Barron," just published by Harvey O'Higgins, is an instance in which an impressive lucidity in the telling keeps the reader from noticing that the convincing characters remain throughout characters and not persons. They can be certified as correct by a psychological laboratory, yet they remain accurate descriptions, not more. Probably nineteen out of twenty of Henry James's minute studies of men and women belong in the same cabinet. They are true, but not real. The modern psycho-novelist, who desires above all things an accurate picture of states of consciousness, must probably let someone else do personality. He cannot analyze and at the same time keep that delicate synthesis of mind and body which makes a person. There is such a thing as knowing so much about a man that it becomes no longer possible to see him as one who merely loves or hates him. Of course, it is impossible really to know too much, but knowledge may reach a half stage that is revealing for science yet at a disadvantage beside intuition, which gets a generalized picture with more likeness than an accurate scale drawing. May Sinclair tells more in a chapter of *why* the heart plays such tricks before high heaven than Trollope in his Barchester

(*Continued on page* 680)

The Naiad

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

FROST-BOUND the garden stands.
The claws of the frost are sharp upon my hands.
On the harsh lawn each blade of grass
Is tempered to a brittle spear of glass.
The fountain is crystal-hung: its waters fail.
Wilted to colorless, frail
Paper the tender flesh of the flowers.
The Dryads are gone from the tree,
For the leaves are gone, the delicate leafy towers
Dismantled, bared to the iron anatomy
Not even a bird could hide in. But hid within
In the hollow trunk, the knees drawn up to the chin,
Hugging herself each shivering Dryad sleeps,
And frozen Echo leaps
From her dream when my footfalls knock
In a motionless, soundless world,
On a pathway hard as rock.
No flutter, no song of bird
Nor bubbling flute is heard,
Nor laughter of green-eyed Satyr. The Satyr, curled
In his ice-hung cave, is shaken with torpid fear;
For the days of lust are over
And cold are the loved and the lover
And the birthday of Christ draws near.
Smooth flows the stream, its shallow banks ice-coated,
And the pool where the lilies floated
Is glazed with a polished pane as black as flint
And fringed with a delicate wreath
Of crystal leaves. But a hint
Of water moving beneath
Draws my eyes. Pale, pale through the polished glass,
Sweet naked body and wavering hair pass
Pallid as death, fluid as water.
O ghost of Arethusa, Spring's first daughter,
Beating vain hands against your crystal ceiling!
O hands imploring, O white lips appealing,
Stirred and parted by syllables unheard!
See, with a sharp-edged stone I crack the pane.
The pale lips part again
And the leafless garden thrills to the delicate ring
Of a small, clear call from Naiad or hidden bird,
From water or air, crying "The Spring! The Spring!"

This Week

"Our Times." Reviewed by *William Allen White.*

"American Indian Love Lyrics." Reviewed by *John G. Neihardt.*

"Fix Bayonets." Reviewed by *Thomas Boyd.*

"The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"Piozzi Marginalia." Reviewed by *Chauncey B. Tinker.*

"Teeftallow." Reviewed by *Charles McD. Puckette.*

Next Week

Spring Book Number.

American Literature

By NORMAN FOERSTER
University of North Carolina

THE conventional mould in which our books and our college courses on American literature are cast indicates that we are not using intelligently the accelerated interest in our literature. We are still thinking in terms of a conception attained about a quarter of a century ago, despite the fact that it was superficial and premature. It is time for us to abandon the paradox involved in our theory that American literature is only a branch of English literature while in practice we treat it as a thing apart. It is time for us to abandon the political and geographic terminology in which we have enshrouded our confusion. The Colonial Period, The Revolutionary Period, The Early National and Later National Periods (or First National, Second National, etc., as if our subjects were banks), The East, The West, The South, The New England Group, Knickerbocker Group, Later New York Groups, etc., etc.—these facile terms totally fail to make plain the organic relation of American and European literature, or even that the subject we are dealing with *is* literature. In a few quarters there has been, since the war, an enthusiastic waving of the flag "Americanism;" but obviously those who rally round this stirring symbol have commonly but the faintest idea of what it symbolizes. It is time for us to seek, in all simplicity and honesty, a more nearly adequate conception of American literature than has yet existed. Throwing our nineteenth century into clearer perspective, the great war removed from large numbers of Americans the sectional spectacles that had distorted their vision. We are now ready for free and fresh thought, for scientific thought, for the undisturbed use of observation, reason, and imagination.

* * *

We have a very special opportunity, moreover, owing to the work of recent American historians. Although literary history is of course only a department of general history, we have egregiously failed to keep pace with the historians. Their modification or rejection of old points of view and introduction of new ones started more than thirty years ago, synchronously with the revolt in life and literature that began in the 1890's and is still in full career. Men like Turner, Andrews, Osgood, Adams, and Beard have given us a new vision of the forces dominant in our past. By 1922 it was possible for Professor Schlesinger to publish a book entitled "New Viewpoints in American History," bringing together some of the results of this reinterpretation. It is time for our literary historians at least to look forward to a book of "New Viewpoints in American Literary History."

We should also derive stimulation—perhaps some light—from the critics of American culture, or rather the critics who have been deploring the absence of "Civilization in the United States." Although we have long had such critics (including Emerson, Whitman, and other 100 per cent Americans), we have never before, I imagine, had so many of them, or so many who were noisy, or so many shades of opinion, or so many readers who applauded or reviled. While our creative energy has expressed itself in "Spoon Rivers" and "Main Streets," our critical energy has naturally expressed itself in "Prejudices," "Definitions," "Americans," "Roving Critics," "Letters and Leadership," "Histories of Literary Radicals." Divine or not, ours

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is a discontent more insistent and comprehensive than any we have hitherto experienced in this country. The open or experimental mind—even perhaps the empty mind—has never been so widely popular "in the best circles." We are questioning everything, including things that are unquestionable. It is time for us to question our inherited conception of American literature, which is certainly not unquestionable.

I have indicated what seems to me the cardinal symptom of our disordered interpretation of American literature, namely, our tendency to think in terms of political and geographic divisions. I purpose to offer a different conception, not with a view to settling offhand so large a problem, but merely to render the problem itself clearer and to suggest the spirit in which it should be approached.

All the factors may be comprised under two heads: European culture and the American environment. American history, including literary history, is to be viewed as the interplay of these two tremendous factors, neither of which has been studied profoundly by our literary scholars. Because they are tremendous, however, they must be divided into a serviceable number of lesser factors, and from such a list (which I must leave hypothetical) I will select the four that seem to me most important. They are (1) the puritan tradition, (2) the pioneer spirit, (3) romanticism, and (4) realism. I can only sketch their significance.

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First, *the puritan tradition.* This is, of course, only part of a larger factor, viz., the European tradition as it appeared before our Revolution. For we must reckon not only with the puritan but also with the so-called "cavalier" tradition, indeed the whole Anglo-Saxon tradition—its habit of mind in matters social, legal, political, economic, æsthetic, religious. We must reckon with the rationalism and sentimentalism of the eighteenth century. I have selected the puritan tradition as probably the outstanding factor in the first century, and as a shaping force in the entire development of American civilization down to the present day. No doubt the Quakers, as Mr. Canby has recently asserted (*Saturday Review*, January 2), "have been neglected as a shaping force"; yet I think we are essentially right in our belief that the Protestant stamp on American life was primarily puritan. The great problem is, rather, in just what ways puritanism affected American life, and for the solution we must look mainly to the historians, who have not yet dealt adequately with our religious history.

Secondly, *the pioneer spirit*, or (to name this factor in its broadest signification) nature, physical America. While the influence of puritanism has been amply conceded—though never really demonstrated—by our students of literature, the influence of the frontier has been strangely neglected. Professor Turner's paper on "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" presented in 1893, as Jay B. Hubbell observes, "has well-nigh revolutionized the study of American history. . . . Yet the literary history of the frontier is still to be written." Whoever writes it will have occasion to follow the steps of Buckle, Shaler, Turner, and Paxson. Since Turner it has been clear that "the most American thing in all America" is the frontier. From Europe we derived puritanism and, later, romanticism and realism; but the frontier is American—is the key to the definition of "Americanism." In race and tradition we are fundamentally European; but our geography is our own, and the consequences of our geography can scarcely be exaggerated. More truly than Shakespeare's England did America find herself set apart:

> This other Eden, demi-paradise,
> This fortress built by Nature for herself
> Against infection and the hand of war,
> This happy breed of men. . . .

The first momentous result of this splendid isolation was political independence, which provided us henceforth with an ever-stimulating sense of an heroic past and a large if not wholly manifest destiny. Isolation led to the Monroe Doctrine, which extended the boundaries of the Garden of Eden to Patagonia. As generation followed generation, the frontier in North America shifted westward, ever renewing itself and ever sending back to the East currents of thought and feeling and power that in large measure determined the development of American democracy. It transformed the European type into such men as Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Roosevelt, or, among the writers, Emerson, Whitman, Mark Twain. It was Emerson who said that "Europe stretches to the Alleghenies; America lies beyond," and it was he who spoke for the frontier, as well as for romanticism, in his address on the American Scholar and his essay on Self-Reliance. The pioneer spirit is as vital in him as is his puritan background and his kinship with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle. In Whitman, the frontier background of Emerson's idealism becomes foreground. "Here is action untied from strings, magnificently moving in masses;" and he sought to create an equivalent poetry. Nothing of Europe here—effete feudal Europe—but instead the primal virtue of the unexhausted West. The imagination of Whitman dwelt with rapture on this other Eden, this truly New World in which a happy breed of men might make a new start:

> Have the elder races halted?
> Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
> We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
> Pioneers! O pioneers!

Whitman's years, 1819-92, cover the flowering and fading of the pioneer spirit; the year of his death coincides almost exactly with the passing of the physical frontier. Both Emerson and Whitman had witnessed, with mingled feelings, the materialistic splendor that followed the frontier. America, as Emerson viewed it, was another name for Opportunity, and opportunity, to most Americans from the puritan days onward, had meant above all economic opportunity. The conquest of nature by man was succeeded by the conquest of man by nature. More and more, "Things were in the saddle," as Emerson saw. "The largeness of the nation," said Whitman even before the great era of industrial expansion, "were monstrous without a corresponding largeness and generosity of the spirit of the citizen." But instead of seeking such a growth of the spirit (for which both Emerson and Whitman steadfastly offered light and leading), America gave herself up, with slight compunction, to materialism—a materialism colored with a conventional religiosity, which effected the ascendency of middle-class philistinism. The chosen race became the children of darkness. The currents of thought and feeling and power that the frontier minority had sent back to the East steadily dwindled, and instead of working out a new national culture under the inspiration of the pioneer spirit, all America lapsed into the comfortable prosperity and philistine tyranny of Main Street.

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From the early days, the absence of a national culture had been a problem and a challenge. Political and economic independence could not wholly silence higher cravings. Necessarily, a frontier people found themselves provincial, and their provincialism took two opposite forms. On the one hand was provincial dependence, a reliance upon the cultural mother across the seas; on the other, provincial self-assertion, a narrow Americanism that extolled itself and depreciated the foreign. And the two forms could coexist in the same person. It would be interesting to discuss the diverse ways in which this problem has been envisaged by recent critics like Van Wyck Brooks, Randolph Bourne, H. L. Mencken, Stuart P. Sherman, and Henry Canby. I can only remark here, however, that these critics are dealing with a problem that had its origin on the frontier, that they belong in a long succession of critics and creative writers who have been concerned with it, and that they must pass on to future generations of critics and creative writers a problem that, among all the great nations, confronts America alone, because America alone is a frontier nation.

I come now to the third factor, European *romanticism*, which, like the frontier, has been strangely neglected. Despite casual glances at English romanticists, our literary historians have obscured the fact that the literature of the United States from the birth of the nation to the twentieth century is part of the Romantic Movement. We too had our precursors in the eighteenth century, of whom Freneau is the most distinguished; we had our sentimental preparation, our Werther fever, our Gothic enthusiasms, our fresh interest in nature, and we had a democratic Revolution before the French. We had our first generation of moderate romantics, writers like Bryant, Irving, and Cooper. At the height of our romantic movement, say between 1830 and the Civil War, we had the group of writers—Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Poe, Whitman, etc.—who virtually created American literature. We had in the *Blütezeit* of New England a larger and more compact "school" than the Lakists or Cockneys in England, comparable, rather with the *romantische Schule* in Germany. For inspiration we looked to England and the Continent, as England had looked to Germany, and Germany to France (or Rousseau). We had our lovers of beauty; we were fascinated by the Middle Ages; we wrote ballads; we had disciples of nature; we turned to the national past, to the Revolution, and the Indians; we cultivated the sense of wonder, the supernatural, the grotesque, the ego, the genius; we were ardent in social reform, and carried out pantisocratic notions at Brook Farm and Fruitlands; we worked out new theories of poetry and art in revolt against pseudo-classicism; we were reverently appreciative of Shakespeare, travelled much in the realms of Elizabethan gold, discovered or rediscovered Homer, Plato, Dante, Calderon, Rousseau, Goethe, Kant, and the Germans generally. And at length we had our decadence in Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman, Aldrich, Lanier, etc.

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As in every country that experienced the romantic impulse, the movement was modified by national condition. When Cabot said that Transcendentalism was "romanticism on Puritan soil," he might have extended his definition by saying that American literature in the nineteenth century was romanticism "on Puritan and pioneer soil." For temporal background, our romanticism has not only the Revolutionary idealism but also the Puritan idealism, an indefeasible possession; for spacial background, our romanticism looks beyond the Alleghenies to the free West. Furthermore, national conditions of more than one kind caused the romantic wave to attain its height nearly a half century later than in England and Germany. When Wordsworth, after living on into an alien age, died in 1850, our Cooper still had one year to live, Irving nine years, and Bryant twenty-eight; and these are our earliest important writers. Again, within the years 1803-19, the English writers who were born include such names as Tennyson, Browning, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, whom we are accustomed to term Victorians; but the American writers born within the same years are Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, Thoreau, Lowell, and Whitman, our outstanding romantics. And again, the Victorians died, on the average, before the American romantics, three of whom survived into the 1890's. It follows that what we lacked in this country was not, certainly, a Romantic Movement, but a Victorian era at all comparable with England's. Our Victorianism was both brief and undistinguished.

And now the fourth and last main factor, *realism*—the application of the scientific spirit to art—reliance upon the senses and common sense, whether in their naïve working or in that organized working which Huxley describes. Although the scientific spirit gained a secure hold in the century of Benjamin Franklin, it did not really flourish in our literature till after the romantic dispensation. Realism, indeed, had been implicit in romanticism itself: keenness of sense perception, awareness of the complexities of the inner life, exploration of "the near, the low, the common," concern with "the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life," in a word, "insight into today" as opposed to "the remote, the romantic,"—these "auspicious signs of the coming days" which Emerson discerned in 1837, in the full flush of romanticism, only needed emphasis in order to render possible the new literature that came to be known as realistic. To give this emphasis was, historically considered, the prime achievement of Walt Whitman. While he belonger to the romantics by virtue of his splendid personality, his doctrine of individualism and humanitarianism, and his religion of nature and the soul, he unmistakably points forward at the same time to the sophisticated realism of our time, by virtue of his sharp sense perception, his unflinching attitude toward facts of life shunned by what Edward Carpenter termed the "impure hush" of the Victorian era, his revolt from the modes of versification of the past and his experiment with the form now known as free verse. He anticipated our literature, also, in his attitude toward science, despite the mysticism that ever crowned his acceptance of science. Poetry is the child of

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science, "exuding the greatness of the father." From science he derives authority for his treatment of sex: "The innocence and nakedness are resumed —they are neither modest nor immodest." From science he derives the idea of "vital laws" higher than those of the theology that came out of the Orient: "The whole theory of the supernatural, and all that was twined with it or educed out of it, departs as in a dream." It is everywhere obvious that in science, whose standards underlie all modern realism, Whitman found, or believed that he found, ample support for those aspects of his work which repelled his contemporaries and which attract many readers in our day of science in life and realism in the arts.

I can only touch upon the subsequent development of realism, the result partly of spontaneous reaction against decadent romanticism, and partly of European influence. Between 1870 and 1890, while such men as Burroughs, Muir, and Fiske were demonstrating the claims of science, and while the poets remained predominantly romantic, the cause of realism in literature was advanced by such prose writers as Mark Twain, Howells, James, Eggleston, Miss Murfree, Miss Jewett, and Miss Wilkins (are these our "Eminent Victorians"?). In the revolt of the 1890's—in men like Garland, Markham, and Crane—realism attained a bitterness that contrasts with the optimism of Whitman. In Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Wharton it became more rational and satirical and ironic; and at length came the "New Poetry," a poetry not without romantic elements, but distinguished in the main by its subtle sense observation, its rational and satiric outlook on life, and its eager experiment to find instruments of expression in keeping with the new vision. After this poetry had reached its highest point, the realistic impulse centered in prose, in the short story, the novel, and the drama, giving special heed to the scientific contribution known as the "new psychology."

Such in brief is my own reading of the factors dominant in the evolution of American literature. Perhaps I have chosen them wrongly; that is not the question. The question is, whether we do not need, for our future historical studies and our criticism, a fresh interpretation of the forces that have directed our literature.

I need not detail our other needs, which are many. Our scholarship will attend, with exemplary patience, to the uncovering of new materials and facts. Professor Pollard, in his recent "Factors in American History," confesses that he is not tempted "to add to the mass of excellent research which now pours out in such a volume from American historians that one wonders that even the United States can contain it all." Is it not true that American *literary* historians are also threatening to expand our knowledge beyond the power of controlling that knowledge? The danger that confronts the higher study of American literature is an aimless accumulation of small facts. Additions to the sum of knowledge are rarely of value unless they are related with an important end in view. No doubt we could go on forever building mountains of fact to the wonderment of Europeans like Professor Pollard; but our proper task is really to use the materials already at hand, and to seek new materials intelligently.

This cannot be done, I fear, on the basis of our antiquated interpretation of American literature. In order to work intelligently, we need a fresh interpretation, or a number of fresh interpretations —the systematic exploitation of promising points of view. Each possible main factor should be extensively applied to see how much it really explains. Different groups of students could work on different lines; some, for example, on the moral and religious background; some on the Revolutionary tradition; some on the manifold effects of the pioneer spirit; some on the Romantic Movement in America; and some on the realistic and scientific movement since Whitman. Each of these themes merits an extensive and thorough book; and until the books have been made possible by coöperative effort, I do not see how the state of American literary history can be measurably improved.

Italy for the first time is to have a comprehensive encyclopedia and several hundred scholars are working on it now.

The new encyclopedia will be published piecemeal, as it is completed. The first four volumes are to appear in 1927 and 1928. The entire work will require about eight years more.

"Touchin' on" America

OUR TIMES: THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. By MARK SULLIVAN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE
Editor, *Emporia Gazette*

MARK SULLIVAN has apparently started to write the history of the first quarter of a century, "appertainin' to and touchin' on" the American people. This volume lays in the background of his story and continues it until 1904. Naturally the first volume is more concerned with the background than the other volumes need to be concerned. And in this background which concerns the life of the American people from the first Cleveland administration until the second nomination and election of William McKinley, is found the seeds of change which were to make history of the first quarter of a century. In examining these seeds of change and telling the story of their planting, germination, and growth, Mark Sullivan has written a delicious book. It is, of course, accurate and most careful of detail. It is even erudite in proper places and scholarly where need for scholarship arises; but it is more than accurate and detailed. Mark Sullivan has galvanized erudite accuracy with life and sugarcoated scholarly details with a loving memory. Sullivan's reality in putting in his background is so genuine that it restores youth. So that the reader in his forties, or fifties, or sixties who goes into this book takes a joyful souse into the fountain of youth. His style is the easy, colloquial style of the trained reporter plus a certain sketchy cataloging effect that came to literature through Walt Whitman and has survived in the last tick of the tock of the free verse devotees. Sullivan has used this to produce realism; for instance, here is a sketch of the mind of America about the time of the Spanish-American War:

THE CROCODILE HUNT
From "The Comedy of the Crocodile," by L. A. Triebel (Oxford University Press)

The Infanta Eulalie and her gown of soft spun glass, 2,500,000 threads weighing only one pound, and her beauty and vivacity, and her cigarettes, very shocking to America of the nineties . . . The Princess Chimay . . . "Chuck" Connors . . . Elbert Hubbard and the "Message to Garcia" . . . Captain Hobson sinking the Merrimac and being kissed for it . . . "Remember the Maine" . . . "Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are dying" . . . "Dewey did it" buttons . . . "Boys in Blue," a stirring alliteration not possible after khaki came in . . . The Rough Riders . . . The "White Squadron" . . . battleships painted white with funnels buff . . . "embalmed beef" . . . the Dingley tariff . . . "sound money" . . . parades . . . the "full dinner-pail" . . . "infant industries."

Virginia Harned playing "Trilby" . . . "Ben Hur" . . . Madame Modjeska . . . Marie Dressler . . . Lillian Russell singing "Twickenham Ferry" and "The Kerry Dance" . . . The Floradora Sextette . . . Maggie Cline singing "Throw Him Down, McCloskey," and "Slide, Kelly, Slide" . . . living pictures . . . John L. Stoddard's "travel talks" illustrated with lantern slides—he was the predecessor of Burton Holmes . . . Brink Thorne's run at the Yale-Princeton game of 1895 and Arthur Poe's in 1898 . . . "Big Bill" Edwards of the Princeton team of 1899 . . . "Pop Anson . . . "red devils" and young Mr. Vanderbilt's "White Ghost," pioneers of the automobile . . . Maud S., whose record was 2.08¾ . . . hansoms, victorias, four-in-hands . . . buggies, sulkies, phaetons . . . coach-dogs, pug dogs . . . "two-fors," meaning two cigars for a nickel . . . big gold watch-chains . . . detachable cuffs . . . cuff-buttons without links . . . Sunday best and second best. . . .

Stereopticon views . . . the family photograph album on the marble-topped table in the parlor . . . mission furniture displacing plush . . . plaster casts, "Venus de Milo," "the Winged Victory" . . . bisque statuary . . . wax flowers . . . cattails . . . peacock-feathers . . . mutton-leg sleeves . . . "straight-front" corsets . . . the "new woman"—how old she had become by 1925 . . . such phrases as "female seminary" dying out; "woman's sphere" coming in.

Paul Leicester Ford's "Story of an Untold Love" . . . James Lane Allen's "Choir Invisible" . . . "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" . . . The novels of Archibald Clavering Gunter and of Captain Charles King . . . Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Dolly Dialogues" . . . Edward W. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden," who talked the slang of "Say," "You know me," and "See?" . . . The vogue of young Stephen Crane and his "Red Badge of Courage" . . . John Ken-

It is not all like this. Sullivan leaves jazz easily and introduces eloquent writing time and again. His chapter on the economics of the discontent of Bryanism is dignified and authoritative. He had, of course, opportunities for first-hand information that few people had. He was near the great figures of our history in the first twenty-five years of the century; Roosevelt chiefly, for Sullivan was a Rooseveltian, LaFollette, Bryan, and Wilson on one side. These he knew intimately, and well. With them he had almost daily contact. And he knew their opponents well, Grover Clevelend, Senator Lodge, Boyce Penrose, and Murray Crane. Here is an intimate story of the appointment of Colonel Goethals, as Chairman of the Commission that built the Panama Canal:

> Both Roosevelt and Colonel Goethals told me of a scene that was repeated several times in Roosevelt's office. Roosevelt, after making Goethals chairman, sent one by one for others whom he intended to appoint as members. He introduced each to Colonel Goethals, bade them be seated, and then spoke to each substantially as follows: "Congress has ordered me to appoint a Panama Canal Commission of seven men. It ought to be one man, but Congress favors seven jobs rather than one. I am going to appoint you a member. It will be a position of ample remuneration and much honor. In appointing you I have only one qualification to make. Colonel Goethals here is to be chairman. He is to have complete authority. If at any time you do not agree with his policies, do not bother to tell me about it—your disagreement with him will constitute your resignation."

One runs into this sort of thing on any page; gossipy perhaps, revealing certainly, and historically mightily important. Sullivan's book is too sophisticated, too eternally true for the comprehension of the average high school student, and for the college freshman, but for the serious student of history this volume will always be a joy and it must be a source book for anyone who would write upon these times.

No other American historian who has written of these days has devoted himself so passionately to the thesis that history is the story of the changes in the hearts of the people; not the story of those who do the ornamental standing around, those who wear the gold braid. Mark Sullivan has written a history, not of

> the princess and prelates with perriwigged charioteers
> Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years—
> Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men hemmed in with the spears.

There is little tall talk of democracy in the book, yet democracy never had a more faithful chronicler than Mark Sullivan in his story of "The Turn of the Century." Without sentimentalizing and without idealizing the capacities of the average man, Mark Sullivan has told the story of the people; how they followed their aspirations, their tenuous, uncertain dreams, their strange visions. They followed good leaders and bad leaders, choosing and rejecting, blundering and inspired, and the story tells how the people brought into reality from their aspirations the civilization which we enjoy. His story is well done, and as a whole produces the effect of sincerity which is the great aim of genius. It all comes from his painstaking labor, his capacity for hard, exacting work which is never dulled by weariness. The last line is as fresh as the first. If he can keep up his spirit and retain his joy in the forthcoming volumes, Mark Sullivan will have written for the people of his time a Boswellian chronicle, affectionate, unsparing, intelligent, but not tedious; the work of a partisan of a democracy who knows its faults and never spares them.

Students of the seventeenth century will be interested in a diary of travel which has recently been dug up, and edited by Professor Hubert Pernot, has been issued in Paris. "Voyage en Turquie et en Grèce du R. P. Robert de Dreux," is the record of the journeyings in Turkey and Greece of the chaplain to the French Ambassador in 1665-1669. Dreux accompanied M. de la Haye-Vantelet on a mission the aim of which was to clear the way for the resumption of trading relations between France and Turkey. He went to Constantinople, which he thought beautiful, and to Grece, where everything engaged his interest. It is indeed for its account of the latter country that his narrative is interesting.

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Spiritual Vision

AMERICAN INDIAN LOVE LYRICS. Selected by NELLIE BARNES. With a Foreword by MARY AUSTIN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOHN G. NEIHARDT
Author of "Song of the Indian Wars"

DURING the mid-winter season three volumes of aboriginal American poetry have been offered to the public, and there is a good reason to believe that the present growing interest in American Indian song will develop into another fad for those restless ones who are constantly seeking some novelty by way of relieving momentarily their chronic weariness with themselves. Fads grow out of the individualistic attitude as fungus out of stumps that rot because the sap of universal life is not in them; and individualism is the dear obsession of our moment. Everywhere may be witnessed the amazing spectacle of otherwise intelligent beings endeavoring to run away from their own heels; and how much of the high-pressure hustle of the world is really more than that? How much of our gasoline is burned to other ends?

It is easy to misconstrue the latest literary fad as the expression of a catholic interest in things human, and this is always done; but beneath it all is a petulant boredom with a world seen small in terms of self. How much, one wonders, of the present interest in Negro spirituals grows out of an illuminated sense of human unity, how much out of a petty, titillating sense of difference? It will be the same in the coming vogue of Indian song; and so, for many, the vital point of the matter will be missed. Nevertheless, the vogue should be welcomed for reasons that the present volume is especially well calculated to reveal.

* * *

Some years ago a Hindu, with whom I was discussing the last phase of Indian resistance on the Plains, made this significant remark which is sure to sound like sentimental piffle to many white men: "Of course the Indians had to be defeated; they were the more spiritual people!" And so they were, as a people; for Spirit, to them, was an ever-present reality. It was, in the last analysis, the only reality. The well-known lines of Tennyson,

> The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
>
> Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

express substantially the fundamental religious attitude of the Indians; and "Him," to them, would signify no anthropomorphic god, but rather a universal spiritual Presence in which all men and all things "live and move and have their being." For an equally pure conception one must go back to the teachings of the Vedanta and to the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth as it was before the expositors explained overmuch. Indeed, it may be that the ancestors of the American Indians brought the conception with them from the Orient, along with certain customs, peculiarities of language, and even, as I believe, the airs of some of their songs. There is a very ancient Omaha song, the air of which has not grown stale for me in twenty-five years, though I often whistle or hum it. It is to be found in Rimsky-Korsakov's "Song of India." Just where the great Russian found it I do not know; but one may be sure that he did not get it from any American tribe.

* * *

Because religion, to the American Indian, was not something outside of, and acting more or less upon, everyday life, but the intimate stuff of life itself, by far the greater portion of his poetry was religious; and so, in the present admirable volume, despite its title, the majority of the lyrics are concerned with man's relation to the universal mystery of being in which all things are one; and the underlying conception of that relation is essentially the noblest known to men.

For most, it will be a strange form of beauty that Miss Barnes reveals for us, and, knowing this, I have no heart to quote even those passages that seem to me most beautiful. One must dream his way into this book; and any fragment that might be presented could easily seem no more than merely odd. In these songs, the source of poetic power is where it should be—in the dominant mood, the spiritual state of the singer, though there is no lack of beauty in symbol and rhythm. There may be those who will dwell upon the relatively few lyrics of individual love and sorrow, and these are winsome; but the power of the book is not there. It is to be found in the songs of nature transfigured by the loss of self in the cosmic view.

In a foreword Mary Austin points out the interesting fact that "here in the United States we are able to watch the evolution of poetic form from stages somewhat earlier than those recorded by Aristotle, going on as an indigenous type of human expression;" and the author has added an illuminating essay on "Poetic Forms in American Indian Lyrics." Interesting as the matter of form must be, the reader should not forget—as the author has not forgotten—that mere technical analysis, in keeping with the individualistic, scientific temper of the moment, may easily cloud the light that the forms were made to reflect. It is in that mood that the shadow is mistaken for substance: and because we, as a people, are trying hysterically to live in that mood, with indifferent success, the coming vogue of Indian song may be good for some of us who are not altogether blinded by what seem to be the solid, glittering certainties of a self-mad world.

Over There

FIX BAYONETS! By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by THOMAS BOYD
Author of "Through the Wheat"

CAPTAIN John W. Thomason, Jr., was one of the younger officers in the First battalion of the Fifth regiment, U. S. Marines, which made up a part of the Second regular American division of the American Expeditionary Force. He was a commander of a company during engagements in Belleau Wood, in the Forest of Villers Cotterets, the wheat fields before Vierzy, the assault at Saint Mihiel, and the attack over the grisly wastes between Somme Py and Saint Etienne à Arnes, up in the Champagne country. And it is of scenes from these places that Captain Thomason's exceedingly well illustrated book is made.

With his drawings Captain Thomason has recreated in an ever to be remembered way certain aspects and feelings of men who went through those days. Perhaps here for the first time has the spirit of modern combat been put into pictures. Captain Thomason's figures, in the finished drawings, have a striking solidity about them, much as if they had been moulded out of steel instead of having been sketched. In the group pictures the helmets of the soldiers are weirdly aslant, the bayonets all awry, the bodies leaning in strange, mechanical poses, the feet huge and ungainly—all producing a series of angles and making pictures which give the intrinsic quality of the condition of men at the end of a forced march as they pause in the livid morning light, hungry, thirsty, dirty, too weary to move, yet only a few hundred yards from the enemy which they are to attack in a short while.

* * *

In the informal essays of "Fix Bayonets!" Captain Thomason shows that the officer's viewpoint was little different from that of the enlisted man. In all sectors combat seems to have been carried on by small groups more than by a definite, ordered arrangement. There may have been a general plan of attack before the zero hour, but when the barrage lifted it was pretty much every man for himself. Discipline did not amount to so much; that is shown by inference in "Fix Bayonets!"; also in another book published this spring, Hervey Allen's "Toward the Flame." Men went forward because there was little else to do, not particularly from bravery. There was even an advantage in reaching the front lines of the enemy: for the infantry it was a haven from the artillery.

"Fix Bayonets!" also indicates how little the soldier knew of what was going on about him. Telling of his own experiences in the thirty-eight days of fighting in Belleau Wood Captain Thomason does not mention a single act from which a member of the Sixth regiment could orient himself; yet Belleau Wood is small and soldiers of the Sixth regiment fought there close by soldiers of the Fifth.

Captain Thomason's accounts of these attacks seldom concern more than his own battalion. This battalion, or at least Captain Thomason's company, were possibly more warlike and bloodthirsty than most outfits, say the companies of the Sixth. Very rarely in the pages of "Fix Bayonets!" are the Marines of Captain Thomason's acquaintance willing simply to take a prisoner and turn him over to a Military Police back of the lines. They much preferred to slaughter the Germans, which they frequently did, after they had held up their hands and bleated "Kamerad!" Or else they killed the prisoners as they were taking them back of the lines. Another notable characteristic of this battalion of Marines was their reliance more upon the bayonet than upon the Springfield rifle or Colt automatic. They saved their ammunition and plunged into assault after assault with gleaming bayonets with which they neatly disemboweled German machine gunners; and at too close quarter they used their rifle butts after the drill manual manner. It requires, to put it mildly, exceptional foolhardiness in a man to risk killing an enemy at three-foot distance with a bayonet when, with a little care, the same enemy could have been shot to death from twenty paces.

Captain Thomason's account of the attack at Soissons on the 18th of July is as good a piece a description of that bright and dramatic scene as any yet written.

The Man Himself

(*Continued from page* 677)

series complete, yet her gallery of interesting cases is pallid beside Mrs. Proudie or even Mr. Harding. They are authentic, well-motivated, significant, but mere ghosts beside Falstaff, Squire Western, or Sam Weller.

How do the few real magicians in any generation work their potent spells? It is easy to see, impossible to tell fully. Not, certainly, by a better comprehension of human nature, although that is what critics say when they write of Shakespeare or Dickens or Kipling. They knew no more of the human machine than hundreds of their contemporaries, probably not so much as many lawyers, doctors, and priests. But what they knew they got by feeling, and what they felt, they had a knack of presenting by a trick of the flesh that belonged to a particular soul and no other. It is not the elaborate self-analysis of Hamlet which makes him perdurable, though it helps us to comprehend him. It is such flashes as his words of friendship to Horatio or his fine wit playing about the foppish head of Osric. Hotspur comes to life with an oath and Cleopatra in a yawn. In poetry we recognize the imagination that lifts an emotion into words which become a shape indestructible—

> Yestreen, when to the trembling string
> The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
> To thee my fancy took its wing,
> I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
> Though this was fair, and that was braw,
> And yon the toast of a' the town,
> I sighed, and said amang them a',
> "Ye arena Mary Morison."

Just so with the solider stuff of personality. Its own expressiveness must be caught somehow and held in words as Matthew caught it in his famous phrases; otherwise explain forever and still it is not there:

Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let Him be crucified. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-president, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 36.
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An Exhilarating Teacher

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1879-1922. Edited by LADY RALEIGH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. 2 vols. $7.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THE late Sir Walter Raleigh seems to have had no ancestral connection with the great Elizabethan. His forefathers were Scotch Cameronians, his father a Congregational clergyman in London. He took his B.A. degree at the University of London in 1881.

Some thirty-five years later he made, in an address, an interesting comment on his own experience of the exhilarating difference between school and college:

> The schoolmaster looks at you; the college professor looks the way you are looking. The statements made by Euclid, that thoughtful Greek, are no longer encumbered at college with all those preposterous and irrelevant moral considerations which desolate the atmosphere of a school. The question is not whether you have perfectly acquainted yourself with what Euclid said, but whether what he said was true.

He was eighteen when he entered, the average age both of college entry here as well as in England; but that exhilarating difference did not, in my time at Yale, appear until the third year, and much of it not then. The moral consideration, the personal judgment of the marking book, still darkened the atmosphere. But the teaching that prevailed at University College, according to Raleigh's description, seemed to expect more capacity than an average youth of eighteen in New Haven or in London is apt to supply. Raleigh was already mentally very much awake, but the reactions of other men of his age at University College were, it may be expected, less exhilarating. It was the right kind of a place for his kind of a young man.

In 1881 he went to Cambridge, and read history, but not very hard. Twenty-seven years later, in another address, he spoke of Cambridge as "the place of my early friendships and dreams and idleness."

From Cambridge in 1885 he went to India as professor of English in a Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental college, but ill health sent him home after two years: it was not until 1922 that he saw the East again, as official historian of the Air Force at Bagdad. In 1889 he was called to Manchester University, and a few months later to the chair of English at Liverpool, largely because of the promise seen in his personality. He had published hardly anything. In 1900 he was called to Glasgow and in 1904 to Oxford.

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During this rising academic career he wrote his "English Novel," "Stevenson," "Milton," "Wordsworth," and "English Voyagers," the last for the new edition of Hakluyt. But the career itself was due principally to his brilliant success as a lecturer. A very tall man—six feet six—he was a striking figure anywhere. On the platform he was gay, witty, unexpected, and peculiarly inspiring when he read from the poets.

"His reading," says one of his Glasgow students, "opened my eyes. He used to arrive with an armful of books all stuck with marks. After ten minutes of dates and anecdotes he would begin hunting up his bookmarks, and then the thrill began. The gloom of that ill-lit top story at the quadrangle corner was unnoticed once Raleigh got fairly going in his own way."

At Glasgow the work was heavy, the lecturing incessant and the success very marked. In the ten years at Liverpool he read and studied more than at any other time. At Oxford it was said, "Raleigh could never be dull. He is not always at his best, but when he is good nobody can touch him." He was an inspirational teacher almost wholly. His "best pupils," he said, "never take notes. All who deserve a First read for fun." He was easy, spontaneous, unpredictable, on the platform as elsewhere. Many thought him the best talker they had ever known.

My first introduction to him was in his "Shakespeare." It was perhaps nearly all that I knew of his writings until lately. It remained in memory as an example of just what such a brief overrunning of a complex subject should be. It is interesting to read in these letters under what groans and protests the book was written, with what profane ejaculations. Shakespeare appears generally there as "Bill," "Old William," and "Weary Willy." "Old William has gone and froze on my hands, I can't budge him. I'm not fit for human company—just a weary man in a room the size of a meat safe, pumping up splenetic utterance on a dead author, and getting angrier every day."

Indeed, Raleigh is one of the best of letter-writers. In English literature the best are Cowper, Walpole, Lamb, Byron, Fitzgerald; and Raleigh seems to stand up very well in their company. He is most like Lamb. He bubbles and explodes. His dislikes are as entertaining as his admirations.

> I hate quarreling about Thackeray, and mostly I always avoid it. I can't bear him, but its silly and useless to say so. His bogus Queen Anne talk. His patronage of Swift. His habit of noticing things that only a valet or E. F. Benson would notice. He's a dreadful man, superior to the last gasp and incurably sentimental in what I call a timid way, also damned moral.

Raleigh died quite suddenly in May, 1922, just after his return from Bagdad. It must have seemed to all who knew him as if a fresh breeze from the mountains had suddenly ceased to blow.

Mrs. Piozzi

PIOZZI MARGINALIA, Comprising Some Extracts from Manuscripts of Hester Lynch Piozzi, and Annotations from Her Books. Edited by PERCIVAL MERRITT. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by CHAUNCEY B. TINKER
Yale University

WHAT is the secret of the enduring popularity of Mrs. Piozzi? The lady has been dead one hundred and four years, and even at the time of her death had survived her purely literary reputation by many years. That reputation was made in the year 1786 by her "Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson," which antedated Boswell's "Life" by five years, and was immediately and justly popular. It was riddled by Boswell's jealous examination and correction of its every detail, but Mr. Merritt is right in insisting upon the general truthfulness of its portrayal, despite the presence of a considerable number of errors. In 1788 Mrs. Piozzi extended and deepened her literary fame by publishing two volumes of letters which had passed between her and Johnson during the last sixteen years of his life. She published other volumes, some of them not without traces of the old charm, but none of them adding to the fame she had acquired and some of them rather seriously detracting from it. And yet, during the entire century since her death, her name and personality have survived in undimmed lustre. How has this been possible?

In the light of the facts just mentioned, it will seem to some readers clear that Mrs. Piozzi—Mrs. Thrale, if her earlier name be insisted upon—survives because she was Johnson's friend. Yet the explanation is hardly adequate. Johnson quarreled with her when she accepted Piozzi as her husband, and she never quite forgave him for the cruel and preposterous way in which he joined with other friends in upbraiding her for marrying a foreigner, a Roman Catholic, and a teacher of music. Certain people like to believe that Johnson was in love with her himself, and that his anger indicates a breaking heart; but for this piece of sentimentalism there is no documentary evidence, and it is agreeable to find that Mr. Merritt will have none of it.

Nor does the literary association of the two names account for the lady's fame. As a revealer of the personality of Johnson she was certainly surpassed by Boswell and Fanny Burney, and perhaps equalled by Sir John Hawkins. Yet she is by no means lost among the satellites who revolved about Johnson. Whatever measure of immortality she has achieved seems to be hers in her own right.

Nor is Mrs. Piozzi to be remembered merely as a bluestocking, though she occasionally called herself one. Writing to a friend concerning an injury which occurred in her eightieth year, she remarks that she is bruised from top to toe, and though "always a blue," is now "a black and blue lady." But in spite of the coloration of her mind, she was never strictly a *blue*, never, that is, one of that inner circle of the *Bas Bleu* to which Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey, Elizabeth Carter and Hannah More belonged. Mr. A. Edward Newton has called her a "light bluestocking," and the term is appropriate enough if we use it to indicate her vivacity and independence as contrasted with the solemn pretensions of Mrs. Montagu and her female academy. In general, though not without exceptions, Mrs. Piozzi's friends were men—Murphy, Johnson, Fellowes, Conway. Men adored her refreshing frankness and *naïveté*,—qualities which won her devotees long after the thought of love had been abandoned.

It is, I think, this capacity for making friends that has preserved her. No woman of her time—certainly not her quondam admirer, Fanny Burney—gives herself to the reader with quite the intimacy of Mrs. Piozzi. She is always sprightly, and even when she is instructing us in the mysteries of etymology—as a rule, erroneously—she contrives to remain unpretentious. She is always entertaining, even when she is wrong. She remained, up to her death at eighty, the same lively, irresponsible lady who got herself lectured by Samuel Johnson on veracity. What a contrast is this vitality with the ever-increasing pomposity of Mme. D'Arblay, the self-esteem of Mrs. Montagu, and the British complacency of Hannah More!

Mrs. Piozzi's friends, moreover, will be found chiefly among book-collectors. In her love of annotating books (for herself or for friends), she is herself very close to book-collectors in spirit. She seems determined to provide posterity with rich bibliographical wares, "association copies," and margins crammed with comment. Her very handwriting, in which she took a justifiable pride, endears her to book-lovers. "Presented by Dear Sir James Fellowes," she will write in her bold hand across a fly-leaf, "To his Obliged Friend, Hester Lynch Piozzi," and then add four lines of verse. No wonder that she has been the delight of Mr. Broadley, Mr. Newton, and Amy Lowell.

None of her friends, surely, has surpassed Mr. Merritt in a pleasant blending of enthusiasm and judgment. The account which he gives of her life in two opening chapters is nicely proportioned to his needs, much more than a sketch, and yet without the forbidding length of a biography. To these he has added a study of her note-book entitled, "Minced Meat for Pies," and an account of the annotations which she herself made on the margins of her own book, "Retrospection." Conway's copy of the latter is in Mr. Merritt's library. The inscription in it is too delicious to be passed over:

> In these Volumes—Printed at beginning
> of the Century;
> Is presented to Mr. Conway's kind Acceptance
> A Summary Review
> Of the most striking and particular Events
> which have befallen
> This Earth & its Inhabitants
> during the Course of 1800 Years.
> The Facts selected and compiled
> par son Amie Octogénaire.
> Bath HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI.
> April 11th, 1819.

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Nothing in this book disturbs the estimate in which Mrs. Piozzi has been held, but there is much to supplement our knowledge of her. Her religion, for example, exhibits an ardor of faith which will surprise certain of her readers who conceive of her as a "light woman." She could be severe in her judgments when she thought moral interests were at stake. Chesterfield, she says,

> Taught his young Son the road to Hell
> Escorted by the Graces.

She had an odd sort of interest, too, in mystical numbers and kindred nonsense. *Nine*, it appears, is a very interesting and meaningful number. She thought of Napoleon as fulfilling Revelation xiii, 18. She applied the doctrine of numbers to the letters that compose the name Buonaparte. But all this is negligible. It is startling to come upon references to Scott and Byron, whose prime Mrs. Piozzi lived to see. One would be glad to have a fuller account of the impression they made upon her eager and curious mind.

On the whole, it is a charming book, which the fine art of Mr. Bruce Rogers and the Harvard Press has made yet more charming. When it passes into a second edition, it is to be hoped that the author will provide it with an index. Meanwhile, if any reader is inclined to cavil at the reproduction of so many casual notes, it is, we may feel sure, because he has not given himself the pleasure of turning the leaves of Mrs. Piozzi's later volumes or of tasting that excitement which arises from an author's written comment upon her own printed work.

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Art's Bread and Butter

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

WITH "The Great Gatsby," it is generally agreed, Mr. Fitzgerald came into his full maturity as a novelist. His natural gifts were displayed therein in abundance, but their exercise was controlled and chastened. He had learned form and the value of reticence. He had come to closer grips with life. The vorpal blade of youth, dulled by slashings, had been ground to a new cutting edge.

It is a question, of course, whether another of our younger novelists, Mr. Cyril Hume, has not developed even faster. Mr. Hume's second novel, "Cruel Fellowship," proved a startling advance over his "Wife of the Centaur." In it, also, a young author stepped into maturity as an artist. And this, we repeat, was only Mr. Hume's second time at bat. Mr. Fitzgerald followed "This Side of Paradise" with another brilliant but uneven performance, "The Beautiful and Damned." He then essayed a play, "The Vegetable." And meanwhile he had burst into two volumes of short stories, "Flappers and Philosophers" and "Tales of the Jazz Age." "The Great Gatsby" was a sixth book, as we make the count.

Well, Mr. Fitzgerald had his own day at being the "boy wonder," and now, certainly, after "The Great Gatsby," he must be judged entirely as a mature artist. We know what he can do at his top. The Younger Generation stuff lies among the toys of yesterday.

Here then is a third volume of short stories, mostly gathered from a variety of our popular magazines. This is a winnowing. Mr. Fitzgerald has published many more short stories than these, in *The Saturday Evening Post, The Red Book, Liberty,* and so on.

What is one to expect? Well, if one has any acquaintance with the problem of "living by one's pen" in America, with the present status of the magazine short story, with the relationship that ordinary periodical publication bears to what a writer is actually capable of achieving in fiction, one is a proven fool if expectation be set too high. Mr. Fitzgerald determined to "make a living by writing." He has made it. And in spite of all the compromises to which one must come with the Market, he has succeeded in producing at least one book, "The Great Gatsby," that is undeniable achievement. Meanwhile, here, in "All the Sad Young Men" (Mr. Fitzgerald is always fortunate with his titles) is evidence of his almost uncanny facility for magazine writing.

"The Rich Boy" leads off. It was over-advertised in *The Red Book,* even as, in our opinion, Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" was over-advertised. It isn't bad, in spots. Mr. Fitzgerald draws a recognizable type. He refuses to tie a machine-made plot to his character sketch. But such a character, being essentially empty, yields little that seems salient. We found too little pith, after all, in this study of a stuffed shirt. It is sincere, but it failed to touch our emotions.

"Winter Dreams" is better. It is youthful in conception, but it achieves a sharper irony than that in "The Rich Boy." "The Baby Party" is simply an entertaining little magazine story. And then we come to "Absolution."

Despite the shadow of Sherwood Anderson in the background, "Absolution" is almost first-rate. Three-quarters of it, at least, are masterly. Then the author falters. He doesn't know quite what to do with his absorbing juxtaposition of Father Schwartz and Rudolph Miller; and while he doesn't exactly throw his story away, he seems to us to fall back on Anderson. For all that, this tale is memorable.

And right after it fox-trots "Rags Martin-Jones," with a revival of the Jazz Age type of thing. Lively O. Henry, at that. A brilliant bit of bunk. Then "The Adjuster," a "significant" magazine story, that is yet a shade better than most "significant" magazine stories. It has a peculiar pathos one remembers. "Hot and Cold Blood" and "The Sensible Thing" are lesser work. "Gretchen's Forty Winks" furnished us much amusement. That is the lot.

A young writer who is earning his living at literature must work fast and put his books close together. Mr. Fitzgerald has elected so to live. His ingenuity at evolving marketable ideas is extraordinary. But one naturally feels, behind most of the writing in this book, the pressure of living conditions rather than the demand of the spirit. As a writer of short stories the author more displays his astonishing facility than the compulsions of his true nature. He is keeping his hand in and paying the rent. And the performance is energetic with a certain gallantry. But now that he has written "The Great Gatsby" we are, perhaps, exorbitant in our demands.

A Tale of Tennessee

TEEFTALLOW. By T. S. STRIBLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

MR. STRIBLING'S "Birthright" some years ago was a real contribution to Southern literature, chiefly in that it was the first attempt by a novelist to weave the story of an intelligent, educated negro into a tragic social fabric, and to discard the threadbare character of burlesque stage and fiction. That tale exhibited a passion for truth, an ardent intuitive sympathy which selected with sureness the really pitiable victim of circumstances as they are. Now Mr. Stribling moves east in his native state of Tennessee and essays to tell a story which, set among the people of the villages in the foothills of the mountains, will reveal these strongly individualistic folk, their character and customs.

In a larger sense Mr. Stribling has shown a journalistic spirit in both his novels. The first touched a strong current interest in the poignant theme already indicated; the second follows hard upon the Dayton *cause celèbre* which stirred the curiosity of the world concerning Tennessee's people. The announcements of the book make much of this timeliness.

"Teeftallow" will strengthen Mr. Stribling's reputation. It confirms the opinion that he is a writer of acute perception. Although Mr. Stribling is a West Tennesseean, a region different in important respects from the eastern hills and mountains, he has portrayed with insight the native character and characteristics—save on one point to be mentioned later. In telling the story of Abner Teeftallow, the county poor farm boy; of Nessie Sutton, the milliner's assistant whom he seduced; of "Railroad" Jones, the resourceful if unlettered and unscrupulous promoter, and of the victims of his shrewdness; of the other village characters who move through the acts of lawlessness and moral vengeance of this community—in all this Mr. Stribling discloses with real success the simplicity and directness of the minds of these people, the strong hold which established social and moral sanctions have upon their thought. "Arntown's" (Irontown's) swift punishment of Abner's and Nessie's wrongdoing, its pious condemnation of the infidel Belshue who marries her, the codes and philosophies with which these folk lard their talk, are set forth with a truth which goes deeper than the surface. And the story has vividness and power, an objective honesty and clarity.

The one respect in which Mr. Stribling has not paid his full debt to truth is his failure to show the kindliness and gentleness which is an inseparable part of the nature of these folk. A southern poet has written of another southern town which

> Has broken every law except
> The law of kindliness.

"Arntown" was not law abiding even in this last—and Mr. Stribling's indictment is in this at fault. Mr. Stribling's realism is accurate except in that his picture is not complete. And is not realism obligated to tell the whole truth? This is no place to argue the facts about Tennessee's people; but it may be cited that one of the distinguished newspaper correspondents who covered the Dayton trial and wrote his telegraphed feature news stories pouring scorn upon "Monkeytown," later made in *Harper's Magazine* the most handsome journalistic amends. Authors with a passion for truth such as Mr. Stribling so patently has, often make the mistake of thinking that truth about humanity must wear a stern visage to attract attention. It may, too, wear upon occasions a benignant mien. The light of learning flickers but faintly in the Tennessee hills, but the warmth of a genuine kindliness glows more pleasantly than Mr. Stribling admits.

An Amusing Novel

THE CHIP AND THE BLOCK. By E. M. DELAFIELD. New York: Harper & Brother. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THE pleasure derived from Mrs. Delafield's latest novel is in no sense æsthetic, but it constitutes the very laudable pleasure gained from a readable, joyous, and richly humorous book. She has written other books more disguished both in art and truth, she has drawn far better characters and has perfected life far less akin to burlesque; but "The Chip and the Block" is too capable of amusing and beguiling to be called a "descent" from her older level. What Mrs. Delafield has done is set forth none too elegantly in her title: she has drawn a novelist father in relationship with his three children from their childhood to their maturity. Their portrayal and relationships are a matter of full detail. We watch the children grow up and change, and the father also change, though it is a case with Charles Ellery of *plus ça change, plus c'est la meme chose.* In him, variously manifested, is the perennial poseur, egotist, and pompous fool. He is so full of rhetoric and childish conceit and silly temperament that it is impossible, in view of his fairly good achievement, to regard him as real; but as satire running almost to burlesque he is for the most part enjoyable, if ultimately a bit tedious. One has no quarrel to pick with Mrs. Delafield for her delineation of Charles, since it coincides properly with the hilarious and mischievous tone of her book; but why can no novelist in treating of Charles's type, bring into play a subtler malice and satire? E. F. Benson last year in "Alan" overdid it even more, and unfortunately without humor. Mrs. Delafield, at least, has plenty of humor as the last scene in the book demonstrates: Charles in his richest form on a self-imagined deathbed from which he recovers.

The characters, though excellent as literary material, are never very real; they are only people for comedy, credible perhaps but not convincing. And they suffice for the comedy, which has edge but no depth; Mrs. Delafield has contrived her story for amusement, and her satire for amusement also. She quite succeeds in so legitimate a purpose; and only those the book fails to amuse will seek implications it does not suggest.

In Name Only

THREE KINGDOMS. By STORM JAMESON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

IN a recent interview Storm Jameson has given her new novel this gloss:

> Marriage is a 100 per cent job. So is a career. Either the marriage or the career is bound to suffer when a woman tries to combine both. . . . I think that it is quite possible for a woman to have a career and to run a husband, so to speak; but I don't think that she can have a career, run a husband, and bring up her children properly—as I have tried to point out in my "Three Kingdoms." A woman can rule over any two of these kingdoms with a reasonable amount of success, but not over the three.

In this clear if undistinguished fashion (interviews are notoriously rough on distinction) the "idea" is laid down. Miss Jameson is quite right to approach it as her own idea or theme,—since she feels obliged to approach it. But it remains, for readers of current fiction, about as hackneyed a theme as any story-teller can now work on (see novels, *passim,* from "This Freedom," to "Gifts of Sheba)." This dear young creature who performs the perilous and original feat of marrying a man, and then discovers that she cannot eat her cake and have it too, is no longer interesting as a theme for mere discourse. Her idea and effigy begin to weary us; to be borne, she has got to be embodied and concealed in some living companion of our fancy, a being independent (like the rest of us) of ideas—or at least not simply a dummy with a label.

In short it all comes down, as usual, to the question of the story. Does anything really happen in this book, or is it a contrivance? Are its people interesting in themselves, do they feel the things, think and do the things, they were born to do? If so the idea doesn't matter—will not appear anywhere on the surface to annoy us. Storm Jameson has a clever hand—but her story never escapes from it. Always we perceive her in the act of delicately poking her figures about the well-arranged stage; figures of remarkable verisimilitude but not alive.

The dear young creature in the case is Laurence

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Storm, a maid of good county stock, highly educated: "No one outraged her intelligence by trying to make a woman of her."

At nineteen she suddenly and unconventionally married Dysart Ford, "twenty-four years old, and a barrister of two years' inexperience." Dysart's people cut him off with a shilling. Laurence's father tells her she can come home when she realizes her folly. The young couple are very happy, for a few weeks, when the War carries Dysart off to France. During his absence, Laurence has a child (which she seems to regard as a casual possession), and philanders dangerously with Nicholas Marr, a handsome slacker, brother-in-law to Dysart. Meanwhile she is building up a brilliant career in an advertising firm, being more expert as an ad-writer than the experts, and in large matters more executive than the executives. Exhilarating spectacle in a man-made world.

Then Dysart comes home, and Laurence, to fend off his marital advances, tells him that she loves Nicholas Marr. There is no question of divorce—usual considerations of family pride, the child, and all that. Dysart retires behind a screen of formal courtesy. Laurence carries on with Nicholas and the Career. But (as, of course, we know by this time) Laurence really loves Dysart, even as Dysart adores her; so that the ensuing three hundred pages are basically a record of adjustment and accommodation. Indeed, taken as a story, this is but a tale of the inexhaustibly piquant romantic pair who are married in name only. So near and yet so far, so dear and yet so hostile: when, ah when, shall we see these twain give up the pretty conflict and rush together without further benefit of clergy?

A romantic soul, this young Miss Jameson (aged twenty-nine), half-consciously athrill under the hard-boiled realistic surface manner of the hour. Her Laurence Storm has no verbal restraint, enjoys discussing the possibility of becoming the mistress of various males, and is utterly promiscuous in all those minor amatory exercises now lumped under the sweet name of Petting. She is ready to kiss anybody, even her husband, on any or no provocation. But beyond these amiable habits she is as innocent as any violet-eyed damsel of Victorian days—and as unreal.

April Fool

ON April Fool's day, nineteen three,
Snow fell in Quincey, Tennessee.
The cold, that season, killed the cotton
And turned the sweet potatoes rotten
But when the planters speak of snow
Their tongues wag and their faces glow,
They think of it as lovely still—
That miracle that came to kill.
Never a grain of snow since then
Has sowed their sky, but Quincey men
Dream still of those enchanted darts
That slew their crops and charmed their hearts.
They,—like those poets who have done
One perfect thing, and only one,—
Would see with joy their anxious fields
Stripped of the stuff that labor yields,
Would let seeds freeze and crops turn black
If, by God's grace, they could win back
That dusk that blossomed for an hour
With petals, like a savage flower,
Like a torn furious rose, the dusk
That dropped its blossoms down like musk,
Weaving, wreathing, floating, falling,
Fatal and fair beyond recalling. . . .

Sad men of Quincey! When the woods
Bow in the rain their green-grey snoods
And the red roads are caked and soft
They cock a weather-eye aloft
And from the sick and crudded sky
Concoct a hope to reckon by—
"Seems like it's getting for a blow,
Do you-all think it looks like snow?"

NIVEN BUSCH

The Bowling Green

I Say to Myself

WELL, I said, he's a perfectly charming fellow; a man of taste and breeding and comely fortune; a man of admirable courage, and irreproachable good sense; a man whom one cannot imagine doing (or even perhaps thinking) anything vulgar or brutal. Yes, I continued, certainly the kind of man I admire, and how I envy his high-minded and honorable serenity. . . .

I noticed that she looked a trifle odd.

I haven't the least desire to meet him, she said.

* * *

Every time I go up the cellar stair I admire the two hydrangea tubs. Dusty, unwatered, shoved away for months in a dim chilly twilight, even so they have felt the spring and put out their glossy green leaves.

And shall I, I say to myself with a certain shame, be less germinal than a mere hydrangea?

* * *

One day last October, travelling in the train from Glasgow to Greenock to board the *Transylvania*, I was too busy watching the scenery to read my morning paper. But I saved it, the Glasgow *Herald* of October 10, 1925, and the other day I dug it out and read it. On the front page there was an advertisement which stated simply:

MR. WARMBATH WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE AT THE STATION HOTEL, AYR, OCTOBER 13TH.

I have wondered a great deal about Mr. Warmbath. I wondered whether he could be a bathtub salesman from Barrhead, not far from Ayr, where so much ship plumbing seems to be made. *Shanks and Co., Barrhead*—isn't that the name you always find written in the tub when you take a bath at sea?

* * *

Nosing round a bookshop I was pleased to come upon a dusty copy of Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature," which has been reprinted in the Everyman Series. I wonder if anyone else hereabouts was brought up on Mrs. Gatty, as I was? She was a mighty good fabulist; the moral was always sledged in with very definite blows; but she understood very well the kind of tale that children enjoy. I can hardly reread her little story "On Purring When You're Pleased" without a secret internal pang for the long deceased kittens I loved in my youth. There was a black one called *Bagheera;* he was killed by dogs soon after the War with Spain. His fate was more important to me than the Battle of Santiago.

* * *

It is a mistake, if you have any thinking on hand, to let a dog out into a moonlight night. For a while he'll lie peaceful enough, with his paws drooped over the top step of the porch. But there are stirrings and whispers in the woods of equinox, and sooner or later he'll find something to protest about. Then, being what he is, he disregards whistle and threat; for an hour he rages, near and far, through the milky pallor.

Let a dog out in a moonlight night, he'll find something to bark at. He's just like a poet.

A letter from a young novelist touches charmingly on the same theme. He writes:

Last year I settled up in Sharon, Connecticut, which is not so far from Cornwall, in a large house with remarkable acoustic properties. Not merely can the proverbial pin, which has dropped so many millions of times in so many places to the generation of such repercussions of sound be heard in that house from attic to basement, but it could be heard, if it didn't drop at all but lay merely quiet dozing on its side. When down in the coal bin, I could hear mice in the attic at their little games of tag, or fleas scratching their ears with their left hind legs. In such a place for a year I tried to write fiction, being aware at every moment of the day of the perambulations, the very breathings, of a wife, who is unquestionably the best wife in the world, but is still a wife; of a baby which is unquestionably the best baby in the world, but is still a baby; and of a dog which is unquestionably the best dog in the world, but is still a wire-haired mutt with an inclination to yap.

About two months ago I had settled down at 10 o'clock one night to write a story. My family was all abed, I thought, when my wife came into my study and asked me if she could read me something. I resigned myself patiently and she sat down and read to me, punctuating her reading with gales of laughter, that particular portion of "Thunder on the Left" which describes the difficulty of writing in the country. "How hard to concentrate when there is nothing to concentrate from." I gave up my story in despair and took the next train to the city and back to this publishing world which I love.

One morning driving over to Manhasset I saw Donny, the sheepdog (it suddenly occurs to me that perhaps the explanation of his barksome humor is that he is a sheepdog who has never seen a sheep; undoubtedly there is that great secret vacancy in his life which he attempts to assuage by midnight outcry a long way from home. He was investigating merrily in some roadside brush, his plumy tail curled high, his dark eyes resolute with excitement. He did not recognize the car as I shot by, had no notion that I saw him; and catching him there unawares gave me a queer godlike feeling. I wondered whether, if I had stopped and howdied, he would have been just a little embarrassed to be found far from his proper range? Speaking godlike, I am glad to believe that he wouldn't. He'd have greeted me with his gentlemanly gaiety, and been not at all ashamed.

I believe there's a lesson here for all sorts of gods.

* * *

I have a silly little habit, when driving Dean Swift, of satisfying myself that everything is car-shape by running an eye over the various dials and saying "I've got minutes, I've got amperes, I've got oil, I've got gas, I've got miles." Absurd, isn't it, but that's the way the things are arranged on the dashboard; and having announced that formula to myself I feel free to step on the throttle and let her hum.

It struck me, then, reading a fine book ("Teeftallow," by T. S. Stribling) that perhaps the same rune—which I had sometimes thought of as a refrain for a ballad—would apply to the best sort of novels. Mr. Stribling's "Teeftallow" has minutes, it has amperes, it has oil, it has gas, it has miles. It has minutes, by which I mean it keeps moving. It has the sparkling amperes of irony and strong electric humor; the lubrication of tenderness and understanding; the essential motive fluid of a fine tragic theme; the far-reaching mileage and scope of a novel built upon shrewd observation of actual human lives, characters that behave as people really do. I mustn't say too much about the book, for up to this minute I've read only half of it; but as far as I've gone it is thrillingly rich and alive.

And the way I happened to begin "Teeftallow" just when I did was as agreeably silly as most of the pleasantest things are. I happened to meet Mr. Stribling by chance, for a few moments only, in a group of people. In a few random politenesses exchanged someone used the word "disgruntled." Mr. Stribling beamed with a sort of calm but dangerous humor and said "What is a man if he's *not* disgruntled? Is he gruntled?"

We decided, by the way, that the proper use of the verb *to gruntle* would be to apply it to the winsome behavior of a publisher who is soothing and seducting an author whom he wishes greatly to please. Every wise publishing house keeps an amiable man on the staff whose chief business is gruntling difficult authors. I can think of nothing more entertaining than a symposium of the most outstanding episodes of gruntling. There was the episode of the New York publisher who was convinced that a lady author on his list, one of very great ability, would never really Go Over until she had experienced a Great Passion. The story ends, if properly told, "And Lydia's next book," (her name is not Lydia)—"I have reason to believe, will sell a hundred thousand."

Publishing, of course, is the most fascinating business of all because, in its highest form, it consists in getting out of the author the secret best that is in him, fanning the lurking ember, the myths he mutters to himself, the ecstasy that burns in his head on clear days in the streets of New York or the stony pastures of New England or wherever. I have heard of a talented artist whose secret desire is to illustrate the completely unpublishable book of each author she most relishes. I wish she could begin with E. S. Bates's "Gospel According to Judas," that book that seems to me so extraordinarily honorable and uplifting, but which every publisher has sidestepped for ten years or more. There are some profound remarks in Mr. Stribling's "Teeftallow" that bear on this topic. It is a book, I think, that you will eventually read.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Early Printing

GUTENBERG TO PLANTIN: AN OUTLINE OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF PRINTING. By GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

INCUNABULA achieved the front page a few weeks ago when the copy of the 42-line Bible which had reposed since the invention of printing in the library of the Monastery at Melk was sold at Anderson's to Dr. Rosenbach for $106,000. It was the price paid for the book that made this news to the multitude rather than any interest in the history of printing, but none the less there is a growing body of curious but uninformed readers, and it is for them, rather than the sophisticated and smaller group, to which Mr. Winship himself belongs, that he has written this admirable handbook of the outline of the first hundred years of printing history.

Mr. Winship has found in the Harry Elkins Widener collection at Harvard, of which he is the librarian, copies of the cradle books in which the art of printing was rocked for the first hundred years of its existence, and around them he has written a compact little book of a very definite appeal even to those to whom the expression "not in Proctor," or "Hain 9063" are cryptic mysteries. Starting without argument at Gutenberg's Bible as the first book printed from movable types, he tells how printing spread from Mainz to neighboring German cities, Strassburg, Bamberg, Cologne, Ausburg, and Würtemberg, carried by workmen who had mastered the secret and who took with them nothing but the hand moulds in which types were cast, cutting matrices and casting new type on the spot where they set up their presses.

Following the Rhine into Italy, the first press was established at Subiaco, near Rome, by Sweynheym and Pannartz, at which was printed St. Augustine's "City of God." At Venice there were John of Speier, Jenson, and Ratdolt. This glorious first century ends in Italy with the work of the learned printers, who were editors and scholars, of which Aldus Manutius, the friend of Grolier, is the shining example, and whose famous Italic is popularly supposed to have been based on Petrarch's hand writing.

Printing entered France by way of Basle, and was soon flourishing at Lyons and Paris. It owes much to the three generations of Estiennes, who like the Aldi of Venice were scholars as well as printers. But the glory of France is its contribution to the decoration of books. Illustrations began with such works as the Nürnberg Chronicle, The Art of Dying, The Poor Man's Bible, and Sebastian Brandt's famous *Ship of Fools*, but these were simply illustrated by the addition of woodcuts to the pages of text. In France there arose a new art, the use of design in harmony with the type which produced the beautiful Books of Hours of Philippe Pigouchet and Simon Vostre. Much credit should be given Simon de Colines for interesting Geoffroy Tory in this field of work, in which he became pre-eminent, and in which he has never been surpassed.

The beginning of printing in Spain is of especial interest to us on this side the Atlantic because it was from Seville that the first press was sent to America and set up at Mexico City by Juan Pablos in 1539, forty-seven years after the discovery by Columbus.

English printing stemmed from Belgium. Caxton began at Bruges and there was printed the first book in English. He took his new business to England, and there printed at his shop in Westminster "The Dictes or Sayengis of the Philosophres," the first book printed on English soil.

The narrative ends in Holland with Christophe Plantin, also a scholar printer, whose shop at Antwerp is now a permanent museum. He came from France and was the last of the master printers.

In the brief space of eighty-four pages the author gives a bird's-eye view of the first century of printing, following his straightforward narrative and resisting all temptation to fill in the scholarly details which he is so well equipped to do, and thus offers a book which even the most casual reader will find fascinating, without being distracted by those details which are of interest only to the technical student.

This little book adds nothing to our knowledge of the history of printing, but it does render the service of compressing into a short and readable narrative the essential story of the amazingly rapid spread of the new and revolutionary art over the civilized world. In making his acknowledgments to the late Alfred Pollard, the author says it was a book by this writer, who has done so much to stimulate interest in the subject, which first turned his attention to printing, and he shows a lively appreciation of the work of our two learned printers, Updike and Bruce Rogers.

It is a favorable sign that so many printers are beginning to take an interest in printing—in its history as well as in its practice, for the best practice grows out of familiarity with its history, as in other arts. A number of the better printing offices now have libraries, with examples of the work of famous printers, past and present, type specimen sheets and broadsides of early type founders, historical books, incunabula, and engravings showing famous old shops and portraits of eminent printers, which not only furnish a pleasing background to the shop, but have a marked influence on the character of the work done there. To these printers should be added the greater number of amateurs—using the word in its original sense of lovers—who are beginning to derive an intellectual pleasure from contemplating a good piece of printing. It was this constituency which made necessary the reprinting of D. Berkeley Updike's "Printing Types," and which is absorbing so rapidly the increasing output of books about printing, and specimens of printing in the form of special and limited editions of other works. That all this is having its effect on the every-day product of our American presses can be seen at the annual exhibitions of "The Fifty Best Books" and "Commercial Printing" held by the Institute of Graphic Arts.

An Intimate Sketch

RENOIR: AN INTIMATE MEMOIR. By AMBROISE VOLLARD. Translated by HAROLD A. VAN DOREN and RANDOLPH T. WEAVER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

BEAUTIFULLY printed, fully illustrated, and well translated, M. Vollard's Renoir is perhaps the most alluring art book of the year. The author is the Boswell of the art world, the only writer who has caught his artists off their guard and freely communicative. If the present memoir is less rac ythan the "Cézanne," it is because Renoir was not an eccentric. We see him humorous in adversity, critical of all perfunctory importance, sceptical of the museums, ardently working out a personal way of painting which should express his favorite vision—that of the nude glowing with light. He was a born painter. M. Vollard describes his method at a moment when the brush had to be lashed to his paralyzed fingers: "Renoir always attacked the canvas without the slightest apparent plan. Patches would appear first, then more patches, then, suddenly, a few strokes of the brush, and the subect came out."

Around this amiable figure is deployed a world of vanity and self-seeking. Take the Jew who brought a borrowed wife and child to the studio and pleaded for an "intimate" (semi-nude) portrait to be painted below the price because madam had been saving for it. Take that Turkish Parisian, Count Isaac Camondo, who stipulated for a Renoir that should not be "too Renoir" and would buy a Cézanne only when protected by Monet's written guarantee that it would become famous. Or the fatuous old Rodin condescending to the rustic Renoirs at Cagnes, and, under M. Vollard's malicious instigation, speculating as to the degree of his own artistic immortality.

A notable garland of appreciations of great artists could be culled from these pages. We can only hint at the matter. One would expect a Renoir to say that "Titian has everything." Less expected is a generous admiration for Raphael and Ingres. When Courbet's power was broached, Renoir retorted, "I'd rather have a penny plate done in three pretty colors than miles of your powerful-and tedious-painting." Again the unfavorable comparison of Lautrec with Degas is a capital bit of criticism in little. And while on opinions we may note that Manet regarded Renoir as a failure. Renoir's pungent judgments of men of letters would also serve the anthologist, but cannot be cited here.

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A Letter from Italy

By ALDO SORANI

THREE years ago, at the International Book Fair in Florence, students of American history and *belles lettres*, and those who learned at last to differentiate between American and English literature through having followed the intellectual movement in the United States, were met by a gratifying scene. A number of American publishers, taking heart of grace, had accepted the invitation of the commissioners and exhibited a number of their latest and finest publications to emulate their British colleagues in the art of book production.

This last spring, on the contrary, a change was manifest at the second Book Fair, when the city that claims the intellectual primacy of Italy had proved the goal of scores of Americans to visit an exhibition not least among Florentine attractions. American books shone, so to speak, by their absence; or, to put it quite fairly, had entered officially in the discreet manner of government publications, reports on political and economic questions, tables of statistics, etc., all of which, apart from their merit from the viewpoint of the book producer, failed to compel the attention of Italian and cosmopolitan visitors to the Book Fair.

The inference to be drawn is that the initial step taken three years before had not fully met the anticipations of the American publishers, and they had left the United States Government to reply in formal diplomatic guise to the formal diplomatic invitation extended internationally by the Italian Government to assist in the display of books.

It must, nevertheless, be conceded that American publishers had manifested overmuch alacrity in their attitude of aloofness from the temptation to introduce American books to the foreign public so soon after the initial disappointment. That the first gesture toward Italy should at once be rewarded by unconditional appreciation and consequent extensive sales could not be hoped. Such a success, if it came, could only follow upon a number of ventures by the publishers and cultural exchanges, in view of the present condition of the Italian reading public brought face to face with American books.

A first-hand fact to be faced here is that American literature, more particularly recent productions, is virtually a sealed book to the public. A number of valuable translations have been made by notable Italian literary critics, such as Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," by Luigi Gamberale, and several fair translations have been made of Edgar Allan Poe's Tales and the more popular among his poems. Professor Guido Ferrando introduced us last year to Henry Thoreau, translating his "Walden;" and last year also Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" appeared for the first time in Italian. Italy has not so far become acquainted with other American classics; neither among moderns has she got farther than Mark Twain, and, latterly, Jack London, whose complete translated works are being issued by Sr. Gian Dauli.

The writings of the foremost living American authors and critics are literally an unknown country for Italians. Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell, even Mrs. Wharton, among novelists; H. L. Mencken and George Nathan among critics—to mention only a few names—have not reached the Italian public, and their indifference proceeds here, as indeed elsewhere, from the impression that American letters are and remain only a province of the literature of Britain.

It is true that a chosen few in Italian literary circles follow the international literary movement closely, and these critics and students are acquainted also with American letters; they know and read authors of whose very existence the general public is unaware. But they, too, possess only a very general or very partial, and too often second-hand, knowledge. Another hard fact to be faced is that even those American authors who make their way into Italy penetrate more often than not by the British, French, or even German doors. Certain American fiction writers, such as Sinclair Lewis and Hergesheimer, have gained readers only through their inclusion in the Tauchnitz edition of standard authors; others, like Waldo Frank, through a French translation; and, indeed, the French translation is always favored reading matter for Italians. Now that Jonathan Cape, of London is issuing a complete edition of H. L. Mencken, the Italian reader will, doubtless, be introduced to this powerful critic of letters.

It follows that American books and American writings take all roads except that of the United States into Italy, taking a circuitous route round Europe and donning foreign garb before crossing the Italian boundary.

The motives for this aloofness on the part of American publishers are quite intelligible. They regard Italy as a negligible market. Italy is distant in space and remote also from American thought. Justification exists in part for this view, but in part only. Directly and indirectly Italy has drawn much nearer to America. The Italian emigration, albeit largely a proletarian movement, has directed the attention of the well-to-do and intellectual classes toward American life. The war and the post-war problems and consequences of whatever nature have stated the terms of American-European relations for all, as well as for Italy. The knowledge of English as a "read" language has made immense strides in Italy; and the fact of which American publishers would do well to take account is that the Italian is daily becoming more familiar with the language. In many Italian centers English has come to be an essential second idiom and a fashionable language, like French. Not alone in the matter of politics and literature, but also commercially, English is regarded as an essential qualification, and thus concurrently the language is permeating all classes. Within a very few years English will be spoken generally like French in Italy. This indeed is no hazardous prophecy, but one of which American and British publishers, hitherto indifferent, may well take heed.

The Italian lover of American books perforce trusts to chance or his own good fortune. He may meet his wish through happy accident in the bargain box of the bookstall, at a good circulating library, or at the house of a friend who is kindly disposed toward borrowers. A stray volume—it has not come from the publisher, but is some traveler's jetsam, abandoned by its American owner upon some hotel or boarding house table, whence the book starts upon a journey of hazards to end upon a salesman's barrow. As matters stand, we must shower blessings upon the Americans' custom of buying books to take on their travels; scattering them afterwards with lavish hand at various stages of their journey; and such books, which have solaced an ocean voyage or shortened waiting hours in a railway carriage or in some hotel lounge, thus serve a second period of beneficence in our hands.

It was the writer's good fortune, after hunting for "Main Street" fruitlessly from one bookseller's to another, to come up with Sinclair Lewis at last in Milan, at a bookstall in Piazza San Carlo; the copy bore an hotel stamp, whilst the first owner's name and American address upon the flyleaf told its own story. I have thus been led to the conclusion that the American traveler in Italy—almost invariably supplied with books—ranks among public benefactors, not alone for the profits he bestows upon publishers and booksellers in the United States, but for the books he sells or circulates through chance opportunity among us, thus affording us the means of becoming acquainted with American literature.

Therefore it is not a matter for surprise that the Italian critic who wishes to study the cultural movement in America, following the course of her literature with the attention and insight due its worth, should be driven to look to chance for his opportunity. American publishers do not send their publications the poor Italian critic's way—of whose existence they are often unaware; and if sceptical with regard to a market in Italy for American books, they do not believe either that such a market should well be created, thanks to the labors of Italian critics and reviewers. Nevertheless not a few among those reviewers are competent linguists and would be disposed to discuss the books sent them in the leading daily journals for which they write in Italy, and by this means to further the circulation and appreciation of American literature in Italy. American publishers would be well advised to consider the advantage, and indeed the necessity, of meeting the Italian reviewer half way if they desire an increased circulation of their wares. Occasions for intellectual intercourse, nay, even fashion's capricious fancies, which bring an author into the limelight with his country's literature and popularize it abroad, result more often than not from the reviewer's appreciation and disinterested individual spadework. As soon as American publishers come to realize the existence of an Italian critique ready to evince interest in their publications, so soon will that output emerge from the present mythical stage in Italy.

I believe, moreover, that a highly useful purpose would be served by a great American publishing or booksellers firm opening a repository of publications in some great Italian centre, such as Florence, most frequented by English-speaking travel and holding the third largest proportion of American residents in Europe; certain therefore of a numerous and cultured reading public. Florence possesses no centre of American study similar to the British Institute. The repository of American books, periodicals, and newspapers would, on the other hand, prove its utility through the exhibition and sale of all new books, etc., and also as a source of information and reference with regard to the American literary movement of the day; it would also be of advantage to American travelers and residents in Florence who at present do not know exactly where to obtain American books and so remain in touch with their home literature. I truly believe that such a house of books would soon, irradiating its energies from a centre of intellectual activity such as Florence, form such commercial book connections with the rest of Italy as to render a desired and needed service to all those who understand how the relations between the United States and Italy should be firmly set upon the Book, that foundation, key, and cornerstone of all true intellectual *entente*.

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Esther Shephard's Paul Bunyan

Here is the book that caused a sensation among critics and readers when it was published by Mrs. Shephard in a limited edition a year ago. Mrs. Shepard lives in the state of Washington and heard many of these stories from the lips of old-time lumbermen. She wrote down the old legends without embellishment—striving to keep the simplicity of tales told during countless nights in the bunkhouse. That she succeeded is proved by the acclaim with which this book was welcomed. Robert Littell said of the stories that they are "like nothing else in the world." Burton Rascoe called them "a storehouse of rich, racy, indigenous idioms." J. D. Symon, in the *Illustrated London News*, said, "In this book is comprehended the whole art and mystery of the tall story." When Harry Hansen discussed them over the radio (W M A Q, Chicago, and W E A F, New York) he received hundreds of letters from all over the United States from men who clamored for the book. The welcome it received made advisable its publication in this new edition. As Mr. Hansen says, "It is *the* Paul Bunyan."

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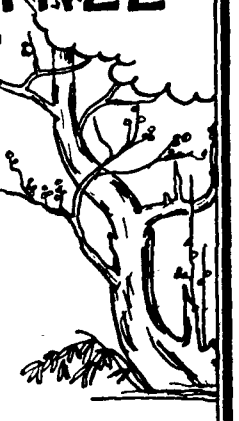

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Points of View

Made-to-Order Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I was glad to see Mr. Burges Johnson's excellent article, "Authorship Ready-to-Wear," in your issue of February 27th. Certainly the facts that Mr. Johnson presents, and his reflections upon them, are worthy of the widest possible publication.

As one, however, who conducts courses in writing for the Extension Division of a great university, I should like to say that the substance of Mr. Johnson's article constitutes my first lecture in each course. The same is true of other instructors in writing in this university. It is perhaps significant that these first lectures are delivered *before* the members of the classes have enrolled and paid their fees. Every effort is made to counteract the widespread notion that authorship is easy and that it is, except in rare instances, a gainful occupation. I have found—and this is a rather hopeful sign—that very few would-be writers are discouraged by these facts. Perhaps this is because they hope, with the confidence that has characterized genius, to be themselves the rare and prosperous exceptions. Perhaps, and this is certainly true to a degree, it is because they have a sincere desire to write, have something to say, and are eager to make some sort of start on the road to authorship.

Many of us who write for publication, possibly including Mr. Johnson, have been fortunate in our associations with other writers. For myself, I am sure that I should never have learned what little I know of literary craftsmanship had I not been lucky enough, in my extreme youth, to become acquainted with five or six writers of prominence. Their friendship constituted for me an excellent *course*, of a sort that was not provided by the universities. In my own courses I simply pass on what was given me by more experienced craftsmen.

Such courses are not intended to prepare any one for authorship. Their only function is to erect a few sign-posts along the first few miles of the road. This is understood by students and teachers alike; and, so far as the University of California is concerned, no other impression is given in advertisements or announcements. I do not feel, therefore, that Mr. Johnson is quite accurate in stigmatizing this activity of a university as a "get-rich-quick" enterprise. Such university courses have certainly done more than any other agency, including the Authors' League, to put literary parasites out of business. Had universities provided such courses years ago, the parasites would never have reaped the harvest they have reaped.

The desire to avoid hard work and to make Easy Money is by no means confined to literary aspirants. Isn't most education today thus motivated? Mr. Johnson need only look about Vassar to discover that a large percentage of the students are being educated that they may avoid hard work. I have discovered, among literary aspirants, a more sincere devotion to their work for its own sake than among any other class—including doctors, lawyers and *teachers*.

ERIC HOWARD.

University of California.

Mr. Norris Writes

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Will you publish this open letter to my reviewer, Mr. Krutch?

Dear MR KRUTCH:

I do not think it is possible that you read my book, "Pig Iron," very carefully. You seem to have entirely missed the point and purpose of the novel. You write:

> Mr. Norris's fable . . . is one which might have served without much change save in coloring as the basis of one of those little books which we used to borrow from the Sunday School library. Mr. Norris is no satirist and no cynic; he scoffs at nothing, not even the rather barren piety of his hero's patrons.

If the theme of "Pig Iron" is properly understood, I think it is safe to say that it is hardly the book to be found in a Sunday School library. It contains a direct slap at the hokum in religion,—organized religion,—it sneers at the dollar-chasing clergy, and holds up to as much scorn and ridicule as I can command, the sanctimonious humbugs who so often become our church-workers. If the character of Baldwin Wright is not obviously that of a hypocrite and a degenerate then I ought to give up writing. I have striven as hard as I know to make my book both satirical and cynical, and if this is not clear, then I have failed completely. But I do not think I have, and in support of my contention, I invite your attention to the review of "Pig Iron" which appeared in the *Times Book Review*, March 7th, entitled: "Big Business Success in An Ironic Novel." The reviewer comments: "'Pig Iron' is a social document—an allegory of society—a criticism of big business, etc. . . . An ironical tale about a man who reaches his goal, and finds upon reaching it that it is hardly worth the effort, etc., etc."

I think your review of my book is a case of too hasty reading and hasty consideration; it is impossible that you could have read it to the end. When you accuse me of a lack of humor, ponderousness, and meticulousness, these criticisms I know I deserve, and with every book I write I try to merit them less. But I believe you do me a great injustice in giving the readers of so important a literary weekly as the *Saturday Review* an utterly erroneous interpretation of my novel. I respectfully ask, if you doubt the truth of this protest, that you read the last chapter of "Pig Iron"—I was going to say "over again," but I do not think that this would be the case.

Yours truly,

CHARLES G. NORRIS.

Mr. Krutch Replies

DEAR MR. NORRIS:

In the very paragraph of your letter in which you accuse me of not having read your novel, "Pig Iron," with sufficient care, you yourself misquote my review in such a way as to absolutely reverse the meaning of an important phrase. I did not write "Mr. Norris's fable . . . is one which might have served without much change in its coloring as the basis of one of those little books which we used to borrow from the Sunday School library," but instead, "Mr. Norris's fable . . . is one which might have served without change *save* in coloring, etc." Now, as the whole point of my review lay in the statement that you had "turned the Alger books wrong side out" by giving to the story of a "success" such a coloring as to make it appear a failure, don't you think that I might retort by saying that you had not read my review with sufficient care?

I certainly thought that I had made it perfectly clear that your novel was iconoclastic in intention and I certainly did point out that though the hero followed the advice which he received in the Sunday School class he himself had doubts about the value of the promised reward which he received. In saying that your account of the religious people who influence your hero was not cynical, I did not mean to imply that it was admiring and I think that my other remarks on the book should make that clear. What I did mean was simply that your tone and method struck me as those of a man whose *forte* was sober realism rather than cynicism or satire.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

John H. Reynolds

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

For some time I have been working on a collection of the Poetical Works of John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend of Keats, whose half dozen small volumes and scattered verses in periodicals have not been previously collected and mostly never reprinted. In order that my collection may be as complete as possible, I should greatly appreciate information as to any manuscript poems or letters by Reynolds in the possession of or known to readers of *The Saturday Review*.

GEORGE L. MARSH.

The University of Chicago.

Garrick Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

I am engaged in the preparation of a biography of David Garrick, and I am confronted with the difficult task of finding into whose hands his letters and manuscripts have fallen.

I shall be very glad of the opportunity to communicate with persons who have letters to or from Garrick or who know of their whereabouts.

DAVID M. LITTLE.

Harvard University.

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Belles Lettres

LAST ESSAYS. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

FOUR INTRODUCTORY LECTURES. The Institute for Comparative Research in Human Culture. Harvard University Press.

MY KEY TO LIFE. By *Helen Keller*. Crowell. $1 net.

A DICTIONARY OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By *Laurie Magnus*. Dutton. $10.

THE ANATOMY OF TOBACCO. By *Arthur Machen*. Knopf. $2 net.

FIELDING THE NOVELIST. By *Frederic T. Blanchard*. Yale University Press. $6.

ESSAYS OF 1925. Selected by *Odell Shepard*. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. $2.50.

SELECTED ESSAYS. By *Karl Marx*. International Publishers. $1.75.

CRITICAL WOODCUTS. By *Stuart Sherman*. Scribners. $2.50.

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Biography

ALBERT A. BOYDEN. Privately printed by his brothers and his sister, *George W. Boyden* and *Charles W. Boyden* of Sheffield, Illinois, *William C. Boyden* of Chicago, and *Martha Boyden Finley* of New York.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN. By *Porter Gale Perrin*. Orono, Me.: University of Maine Press.

UNDER THE BLACK HORSE FLAG. By *Isabel Anderson*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

FAMOUS MEN OF SCIENCE. By *Sarah K. Bolton*. Crowell. $2 net.

THEY KNEW THE WASHINGTONS. Translated by *Princess Radziwill*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DR. SAMUEL BUTLER. Vol. I (Shrewsbury Edition). Dutton.

MADAME DE STAEL. By *David Glass*. Knopf.

Drama

UNDERTONES AND THE LADY OF DESTINY. By PHŒBE HOFFMAN. Samuel French. 1925.

"Undertones" is a charming, fanciful episode of an old man whose impetuous, youthful spirit, a long absent guest, returns to him on the occasion of his having misunderstood and turned out of his house his only son because of the latter's interest in a certain girl. The dialogue in it is natural and sparkling, though the theme is somewhat outworn. Good actors could play this little piece up to a vivacious pitch.

A much more ambitious and successful attempt is Miss Hoffman's "Lady of Destiny," also a comedy in one act. The scene is that of a town department store on the day before the election of the Mayor. Through the force of a tragic incident, Emmy, the saleswoman and character of the ribbon counter, causes Nancy Snyder, the influential daughter of the owner, to swing the voting in another and better direction. From a practical point of view the plot fails to convince the reader, but the dialogue is spirited and delightful. There is promise of excellent comedy in Miss Hoffman's work. Her imagination will take hold of some larger theme and go delightfully over the hills with it.

YOUNG WOODLEY. By *John Van Druten*. Simon & Schuster. $1.75.

POST MORTEMS. By *Charles Divine*. Appleton.

SO THAT'S THAT. By *John V. A. Weaver*. Appleton.

RICHES. By *Gilbert Emery*. Appleton.

BIMBO, THE PIRATE. By *Booth Tarkington*. Appleton.

THE CHIEF THING. By *Nicolas Evréinoff*. Doubleday, Page.

THE GREAT GOD BROWN: THE FOUNTAIN: THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES, AND OTHER PLAYS. By *Eugene O'Neill*. Boni & Liveright. $2.50.

THE COMEDY OF THE CROCODILE. By *L. A. Triebel*. Oxford University Press.

Fiction

THE ENEMY'S GATES. By RICHMOND BROOKS BARRETT. Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

The Morgenthals were a most unfortunate family, as Mr. Barrett shows them to us in this new novel. It is a family chronicle, and both in its subject matter and style it is reminiscent of that success of last season, "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern. Mark Morgenthal and his wife were Jews of the old school, with a backing of racial pride and tradition that their children did not inherit. Left immensely wealthy by the death of Mark, his two sons and his daughter make comparative messes of their lives, and reduce his fortune considerably. Since they have received strangely mixed qualities from their parents, and further complicated matters by unhappy marriages in the cases of George and Jessica, the book ends with the elder son a suicide, the other an impotent social-climbing dilettante, while the strongest of of the lot, the daughter, has suffered a reversion to type that can scarcely be considered happy.

The problems raised by this history of three badly equalized young people are obviously not to be lightly passed over. Besides the racial question suggested by the title of the book, and focussed largely by Jessica's relations with her almost too Gentile first husband, the influences of inherited wealth and of parental incompatibility are touched on. As a whole the story suffers from being packed too full of meat; there are evidences that Mr. Barrett enlarged his original novel, which dealt primarily with the weak-willed George Morgenthal and his ruin. Attempting to make an inclusive group picture of it, he has weakened the reality and significance of his central character and theme. For, in spite of the space given to the other members of his family, George remains the important person in the book, and the things that happen to him remain fixed in the memory while all the apparatus used by the author to show off the qualities of the others seems vain. "The Enemy's Gates" is really a study in faulty heredity, as exemplified by this principal figure.

BITTERN POINT. By VIRGINIA MACFADYEN. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.

In an age when Aristotle and his formulas for ordered beauty are largely in the discard, and a mad chaos of idea and impression is the vogue, a story well told—with beginning, middle, and end—is a distinctly refreshing experience. Miss MacFadyen, whose "Windows Facing West" and "At the Sign of the Sun" have before met with favor, has written one of the most enthralling tales of terror that has been published in a long time. It is told with a restraint, an economy of words and scenes, and a crescendo of interest that stamps it as a workmanlike job. A ghastly tale it is, dealing with the physical resurrection of a brutal eighteenth century pirate band, through the perfervid imaginings of a beautiful though neurotic young author, who finally dies in the perfumed clutches of the "Master"—a beady-eyed Turk, lustful "in a manner most unusual."

The story has extraordinary verisimilitude. The twin plots, over two centuries apart, finally converge in a culmination of stark horror seldom surpassed. Nor is there the slightest sop to the groundlings at the end, for the tale closes with a shudder more grisly than the best that has gone before. Miss MacFadyen has hit upon a purely imaginative hypothesis and about it woven a plausible drama. Her gruesome narrative evinces a peculiarly intimate artistry—a rare insight into human hearts under situations that make for drama. The story gives all too little opportunity for the use of Miss MacFadyen's evident ability. It is to be hoped that she will dedicate her next book to an interpretative study of life. Her imaginative power and polished workmanship are worthy of a finer *genre* than Tales of Terror. Some day Miss MacFadyen will have her amused laugh at "Bittern Point."

STORM DUST. By CONSTANCE I. SMITH. Holt. 1926. $2.

The wages of sin are paid with compound interest in this lugubrious, yet unpleasantly powerful sex novel. The leading rôle falls to Jacqueline Frere, a widow in her mid-thirties with a small son, who takes as her second husband a rich and lusty libertine of seventy-four. Jacqueline is half French, half Jewish, by birth, and she harbors at their worst the most undesirable characteristics of the two races—sensuality and avarice. These lead her rapidly into an illicit love intrigue with a handsome manservant of the household, a tyrannical selfishness in the use of her newly acquired wealth, a loathing of her aged husband, which at last culminates in her being directly

(*Continued on next page*)

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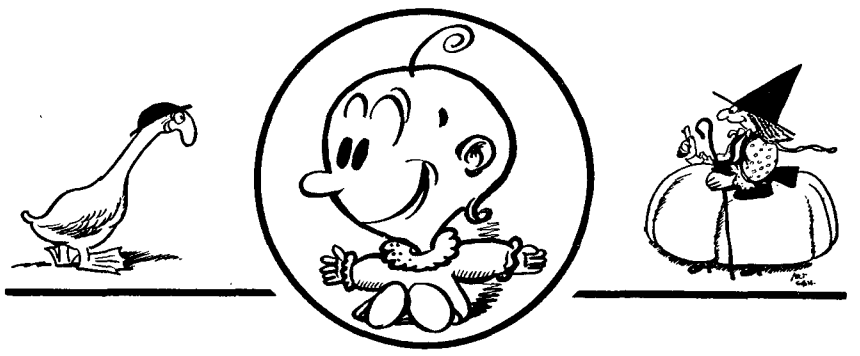

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

responsible for his death by drowning. Her deceit, cupidity, and general vileness bring an increasingly heavy retribution, but her character is so utterly detestable that, as the blows of her punishment fall, one is almost stirred to cry: "Goody! Goody!" rather than to feel solicitude for her pangs. It is clear that the author intended to arouse our sympathies for Jacqueline during the experience of her chastisement, but this she fails to do because of having previously portrayed the culprit in terms of a too lurid and profound depravity.

THE TWELVE SAINTS. By *Ruth Manning Sanders*. Clode. $2 net.

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WHEN THE FIGHT BEGINS. By *Holman Day*. Small, Maynard. $2 net.

SECRET HARBOR. By *Stewart Edward White*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

MASTERSON. By *Gilbert Frankau*. Harpers. $2.

IT'S NOT DONE. By *William Bullitt*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS. By *Richard Garnett*. Knopf. $3 net.

HEAT. By *Isa Glenn*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

Foreign

DIFFERENTS SOUVENIRS DE JEUNESSE. Selected from the novels of *Anatole France*. Edited by *V. F. Boyson*.

DIE NEUENTSTEHENDE WELT. By *Count Hermann Keyserling*. Darmstadt: Reichl.

L'AGRICULTURE PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Michel Auge-Laribe*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

LE CONTROLE DU RAVITAILLEMENT DE LA POPULATION CIVILE. By *Pierre Pinot*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires.

LA VIE ECONOMIQUE A BORDEAUX PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Paul Courteault*.

BIBLIOGRAPHIE METHODIQUE DE L'HISTOIRE ÉCONOMIQUE ET SOCIALE DE LA FRANCE PENDANT LA GUERRE. By *Camille Bloch*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires (Yale University Press).

LES AVENTURES DU FILIBUSTIER BEAUCHENE. By *Alain-René Lesage*. Edited by *Harry Kurz*. Century. $1.

LA VIE AMOUREUSE DE MADAME DU BARRY. Paris: Flammarion.

L'HOMME QUI DEVINT FEMME. By *Sherwood* Anderson. Paris: Emile-Paul.

LA SITUATION ECONOMIQUE ET SOCIALE DES ELATS-UNIS á la FIN DU xviii SIècle. By *Alexandre Capitaine*. Paris: Les Presses Universitaires de France.

Miscellaneous

OSCAR WILDE FROM PURGATORY. By Hester Travers Smith. Holt. 1926. $2.

Here are displayed a series of psychic messages, purportedly from the author of "De Profundis" and "Dorian Grey." Hester Travers Smith is the author of "Voices from the Void" and assumes in her Foreword to the present book that she is "speaking of a discarnate personality of whose existence there is no question." She leaves it to the reader to pronounce upon the case. We ourselves are not convinced by the evidence.

Sir William F. Barrett, F. R. S. discusses the spirit-communications in his introduction. They came through automatic writing and the ouija board. He refers to the recent findings of Professor Richet, the eminent European physiologist, who does not believe in survival. Sir William himself is convinced "that whilst many supernormal psychical phenomena may ultimately be proved to be due to abnormal conditions of the brain, yet there will be found to remain well attested facts which will compel science to admit the existence of a soul; and also of a spiritual world, peopled with discarnate intelligent beings, some of whom can occasionally, but more or less imperfectly, get into communications with us."

Do the Oscar Wilde scripts support this view? They are merely presented. They are indubitably interesting. Sometimes one's visualization of Mrs. Travers Smith at the ouija board and Oscar communicating from grey space sets one's sense of humour stirring, particularly in view of certain of the questions and answers. Mrs. Travers Smith, *on the other hand*, discusses the communications of Oscar amiably and reasonably. She gives her reasons for believing that his communications differ from the cases cited by Richet as obviously reconstructions of a celebrated personality in the sub-conscious mind of the operator. In three separate instances Wilde's own handwriting, or quite a remarkable imitation of it, came through the automatic writing. Passages parallel to certain passages in his published writings are displayed by him—*to impress his personality upon the faithful*. There are other remarks more spontaneous and peculiar.

All one can say in a case of this kind is that acceptance or non-acceptance is bound to be colored by the leanings of the observer toward spiritualism or away from it. If one tends to believe the major premise one has food for much speculation. We ourselves are not inclined to dogmatize one way or the other. In general, it may be said that in this, as in all similar records, there is no proof positive.

THE LIBERTY BELL. By *Victor Rosewater*. Appleton. $1.75.

AMERICA TRIUMPHANT. By *Constance d'Arcy Mackay*. Appleton. $1.25.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF PRINTING AT BASLE. By A. F. Johnson. Scribners. $3.50.

ITALIAN XVI CENTURY. By *A. F. Johnson*. Scribners. $3.50.

TYPOGRAPHY OF THE SPANISH XVI CENTURY. By *Henry Thomas*. Scribners. $3.50.

FOXES, FOXHOUNDS, AND FOX-HUNTING. By *Richard Clapham*. Scribners. $3.75.

SOLOMON IBN GABIROL'S CHOICE OF PEARLS. Translated and edited by *Rev. A. Cohen*. Bloch.

PIRKE ABOTH. Edited by *R. Travers Herford*. Bloch.

BANKING THROUGH THE AGES. By *Noble Foster Hoggson*. Dodd, Mead.

Science

EVOLUTION, GENETICS, AND EUGENICS. By HORATIO HACKETT NEWMAN. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $3.50.

Professor Newman's book is worthy of passing mention, because the author was one of the witnesses for science in that strange legal battle that raged at Dayton, Tennessee, for ten hot days last summer, and he has incorporated the results of his experience there in this revision of his already well-known work. It is always interesting, and sometimes profitable, to listen while a veteran speaks of war.

There are two distinctive features about this book. First, unlike many of the more serious and intelligent discussions of evolution, it does not either ignore the opposition nor dismiss it summarily. It takes up assertion after assertion, and discusses all of them, even the absurd ones, fully, seriously, and with complete good nature. This makes what one may call the "philosophical" part of the book bulk larger than it usually does in popular evolution volumes, but there is nothing superfluous about the additional matter.

The second distinctive and valuable feature lies in the large and liberal quotations that fill the book. Professor Newman does not content himself with talking *about* what Darwin, Huxley, DeVries, Bateson and all the rest of the cloud of witnesses had to say; he selects their most pertinent sayings and reprints them, verbatim and duly labeled. This makes this volume a veritable source-book; in lack of complete libraries a most useful vademecum for isolated teachers and preachers.

Travel

AMERICAN SHRINES ON ENGLISH SOIL. By J. F. MUIRHEAD. Macmillan. 1926. $3.

Recently a little book appeared upon those parts of London where American associations were strong. Mr. Muirhead's task is more ambitious. He has made a survey of England and with much scholarship and a pleasing style has written a guide book to the environment that so many famous Americans left behind them. It is more than a record, and the careful descriptions will be of service to scholars as well as travelers. The expected background of Puritans, Quakers, and Virginians is in this book, but also much more not expected, and the record is carried from the settlement up to the great war.

VIRGIN SPAIN. By *Waldo Frank*. Boni & Liveright. $3.

TALES OF THE ESKIMOS. By *Captain Henry Toke Munn*. Lippincott.

THE GLITTERING MOUNTAINS OF CANADA. By *J. Monroe Thorington*. John W. Lea, 1520 North Robinson Street, Philadelphia. $4.50 net.

THE MOUNTAINS OF YOUTH. By *Arnold Lunn*. Oxford University Press. $4.25.

THE FRINGE OF LONDON. By *Gordson S. Maxwell*. Brentanos. $2.50.

(*Continued on page* 690)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

MAN ALONE. By *George Agnew Chamberlain* (Putnams).

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Second Series (Longmans, Green).

CRITICAL WOODCUTS. By *Stuart Sherman* (Scribners).

L. M., New York, asks for books that give the food values of vegetables, meats, etc., and tell what constitutes a well-balanced meal.

YOU might expect this question on a page that has for so long provided "balanced rations." "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose (Macmillan), is a standard manual quite recently published in a new and enlarged edition: there are many dietary tables in the appendix. The Harvard University Press publishes as one of its little health manuals "Adequate Diet," by Percy G. Stiles, and Doubleday, Page has just brought out "The Rôle of Diet," a study of the part taken by proper foods in making and keeping one physically fit. The author is Ida Bailey Allen, a writer on dietetics and table affairs whose newspaper readers are legion. This has food hints for singers, worriers, insomniacs, bilious people, lecturers, and other products of high pressure civilization.

"The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition," by E. V. McCollum (Macmillan), has lately appeared in an enlarged third edition: this is a standard text. "The Science of Eating," by A. W. McCann (Doran), is an enlargement of an earlier work, one with an attractive aggressiveness. The ideas of E. Christian are set forth in "Eat and Be Well" (Knopf). As for reducing books, the prize for popularity still goes to Dr. Lulu Peters's "Diet for Health" (Reilly & Lee), which blooms on like "Abie's Irish Rose," a sturdy bud being her "Diet for Children (and Adults)" (Dodd, Mead). It inaugurated the great American indoor sport of counting calories. Before that Vance Thompson's "Eat and Grow Thin" (Dutton) held first place: its Mahdah menus are epicurean and expensive. Most wage-earners would reduce rapidly by eating only when they could afford them. Henry T. Finck's "Girth Control" (Harper) and Samuel Blythe's "Keeping Fit at Fifty" (Bobbs-Merrill) have their enthusiastic followers, and for ladies who entertain the studiously slender there is a new book, lately from Appleton, Edna S. Tipton's "Reducing Menus for the Hostess of To-day: Jack Sprat Spreads."

As we border on the subject of cookery books, there is a new one with the desperate title "If You Must Cook" (Dodd, Mead), prepared by Jennette Lee for the use of women who find themselves, as so many now do, in a position where if they don't cook they don't eat nor their families either: for these there are indicated practical short-cuts and simplifications: the experienced cook need not be above consulting it. And the only volume of *belles lettres* published by the Columbia University Press, Clyde Furst's "Observations of Professor Maturin," opens with an essay on Brillat-Savarin's famous book and on the personality of the author that will inform and surprise many an American: food flavors this learned volume admirably.

E. B., Sheldon, Iowa, asks for books that deal with the development of agriculture and its problems in different countries and times. King's "Farmers of Forty Centuries" is the sort of book he has in mind.

THERE have been several important additions to the historical literature of agriculture within the past year or so. "History of Agriculture in Europe and America," by Norman S. B. Gras (F. S. Crofts), is a large and comprehensive work published in 1925; in the same year Van Nostrand brought out, as a volume of a valuable series on modern developments in science, Milton Whitney's "Soil and Civilization," a modern concept of the soil and the historical development of agriculture. The Carnegie Institute of Washington recently issued the "History of Agriculture in the Northern United States: 1620-1860," by Percy Bidwell and John Falconer, a massive work with classified and critical bibliography. "A Short History of British Agriculture," by John Orr, is a recent addition to the group of small, well-printed and authoritative surveys of large subjects known as the "Oxford World Manuals," published by the Oxford University Press. "Economic History of American Agriculture," by Ernest L. Bogart (Longmans, Green), is the section on this subject from the author's "Economic History of the United States" (Longmans, Green), printed separately. Rowland Prothero's "English Farming Past and Present" (Longmans, Green), has long been a standard work, and a famous source is the seven volume "History of Agriculture and Prices in England," by J. E. T. Rogers (Oxford). There are histories of farming for most of the European countries, but I know of none that are translated.

There is an interesting group of biographies lately published in one volume by Macmillan, called "Fifty Famous Farmers," by Lester Ivins and A. E. Winship, which should have a place on this list. Intended for school, college, or public library use, it presents farmers as inventors, like Eli Whitney, Cyrus McCormick, and the Swede, Gustaf De Laval; as creators of better plants and animals, like Burbank and Peter Henderson, as leaders in rural economics and social life, like Herbert Quick; as soil experts, like Sir John Lawes; as administrators of agriculture and as cabinet secretaries. A volume by one of these, the late Henry C. Wallace, "Our Debt and Duty to the Farmer" (Century), is a recent addition to a series called "Century Rural Life Books;" these cover, or will in time cover, every department of life in rural communities: all those that I have had occasion to consult were trustworthy and readably written. I may add, being in a mild way something of an amateur of books of this nature, that "Kelsey's Rural Guide" (Atlantic Monthly Press) is a compact, practical handbook containing any amount of the sort of information needed by a city man who longs for a country home. It does not stop at the suburbs or confine itself to a chicken-yard, and the city man who at this time of year easily convinces himself that there is money in farming may find in it encouragement and warning. The same press issues "Bucolic Beatitudes," by Rusticus, who can be no real farmer because his chapter heads are "Blessed be the Cow," "Blessed be the Pig," and so on, and I leave it to anyone with country training if that be the word regularly in use. But the book is charming.

E. G., Philadelphia, is informed that the real name of "Alpha of the Plough," whose short esays called "Many Furows" (Dutton) he so much admires, is A. G. Gardiner, an English newspaper writer, and *F. H., Alliance, O.,* asking for the married name of Irene Rutherford McLeod, whose three volumes of verse are published here by the Viking Press, is told that she is given in Manly and Rickert's "Contemporary British Literature" booklist (Harcourt, Brace) as Mrs. A. de Sélincourt. *M. M. T., Richmond, Va.,* asks for books that would be of assistance to the curator of a small museum, containing manuscripts, books, glass, furniture, pictures, etc. The best book for the purpose, and one written especially for those establishing museums, is Margaret T. Jackson's "The Museum" (Longmans, Green). There are excellent directions for the care of exhibits as well as for their arrangement. And *J. O. B., San Francisco, Cal.,* strongly recommends to the family with three boys in Yardley, Pa., looking for a thesaurus, Fernald's "English Synonyms and Antonyms" (Funk & Wagnalls) in which more than 8,000 words are classified, discriminated, and explained by examples in use.

G. E. H., Derby Line, Vermont, asks if there is a digest of laws regulating the operation of automobiles in all states.

THE American Automobile Association, to which I referred the matter, reply that they do not know of one, and that such a work would have to be quite voluminous to cover all laws of forty-eight states. As a matter of service to members they maintain at national headquarters a file of all laws of individual states, and digests of some of the more essential provisions of motor-vehicle laws are supplied to their local affiliated clubs and branches for the information of members. This inquirer, for instance, would be answered through the Auto Club of Vermont, Montpelier.

Cecil Palmer of London will publish a book on "Charles Dickens: Shorthand Writer," by W. J. C. Charlton, who has collected a considerable amount of material throwing light on those early days in the novelist's career when he worked as a shorthand writer in the Law Courts and Houses of Parliament, or as a newspaper reporter in London and the provinces.

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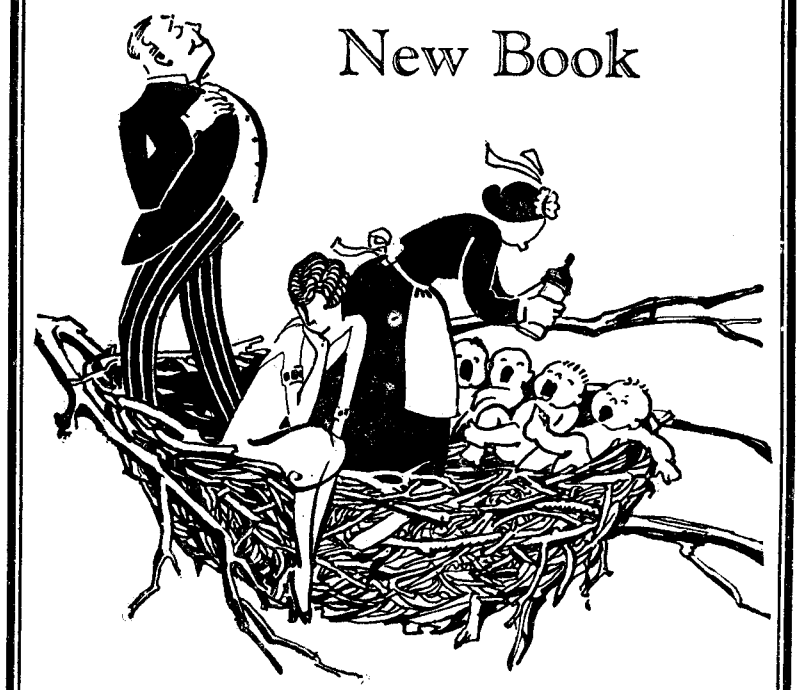

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 688)

BRIEF MENTION

CERTAIN volumes in the historical field first confront us this week upon our miscellaneous book-shelf. To begin with, we open *R. E. M. Wheeler's* "Prehistoric and Roman Wales," a new six dollar volume from the Oxford University Press. This proves to be a first-hand study of early Wales, thoroughly documented and with particularly valuable comments upon the relations between the Roman invaders and colonists and the native culture that persisted at the same time. The book is fully illustrated, and is a real contribution to the history of Roman civilization in Britain, as well as being a study of prehistoric man.

A new volume in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge (Holt), is "The Byzantine Empire," by H. H. Baynes ($1). Here is a temperate and well-classified manual upon a difficult subject. The author's thesis is that the unifying principle in this history of the Byzantine empire is its consistent development as a specifically Roman organization. "The Book of the Popes," by *Dr. F. J. Bayer* (Harpers), with a preface by *Herbert Thurston, S.J.*, is an elaborate and interesting record of all the Popes, consisting of brief textual accounts accompanied by historical pictures of the Popes themselves, with many interesting plans and pictures of the Vatican and St. Peter's. In effect this is an illustrated catalogue, excellently done.

Thus making the transition to biography, we come upon two monographs, the first *Lucius Beebe's* study of François Villon in certain aspects, privately printed at Cambridge in 1925; the second a scholarly biography of an early American satirist, designed to give information not only of an almost forgotten writer but of a highly important period. The latter is "The Life and Works of Thomas Green Fessenden, 1771-1837," by *Porter Gale Perrin, M.A.*, Number 4 of the Second Series of University of Maine Studies, printed at the University Press, Orono, Maine.

Among several comprehensive treatises, *William Farquhar Payson's* "Mahogany, Antique and Modern" (Dutton. $15), is a trade book beautifully made and excellently illustrated, with articles on mahogany in all its aspects, from growth through every use. The various articles which make up the book, under Mr. Payson's general editorship, by *Charles Over Cornelius* of the Metropolitan, *Henry B. Culver*, *Ralph Erskine*, *Frances Morris*, *Kenneth M. Murchison*, *Meyric R. Rogers* and *Karl Schmieg*, are all by experts in their respective fields. The photographs alone make the book valuable for reference. *Frederick H. Martens's* "A Thousand and One Nights of Opera," which comes from Appleton and is priced at three dollars and a half, contains complete descriptions of the stories and music of over 1,500 operas and ballets. It is more comprehensive than any book of its kind. It is completely indexed and special attention is given to operas by American composers. The most modern operas are included. Despite the comprehensiveness and the amount of ground covered by this monumental opera guide, the book itself is comparatively small and compact. Lastly, for those who teach it, "The Fine Art of Writing" (Macmillan), by *H. Robinson Shipherd* of Harvard, will be valuable. It is a book for preceptors of English composition, containing suggestions as to material and method, written with a fresh spirit and a sensible point of view. The second part is a selection from great writers' comments on writing.

Two books combining interesting fact with fiction are *Captain Henry Toke Munn's* "Tales of the Eskimo" (Lippincott) and *Eleanor Rowland Wembridge's* "Other People's Daughters" (Houghton Mifflin. $2.50). The former are vivid and romantic stories of life in the far North. The author knows the Arctic world thoroughly, and his Esquimaux are real natives. The book is illustrated by photographs. Mrs. Wembridge is Psychologist of the Women's Protective Association of Cleveland. She has gathered together seventeen studies from life of city girls and their surroundings. The book is sociologically sound, almost a laboratory study of human behavior. Here are valuable findings concerning the inner life of drifting and inarticulate young people.

Fiction comes next. The West predominates in the few novels on our shelf. First we find *Holman Day's* new romance, "When the Fight Begins." (Small, Maynard. $2). Its title is drawn from Browning, "When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something." Mr. Day's protagonist, John Lang, is a man elected mayor of a large Western city, a powerful and successful two-fisted American type. Alone in the great Northern woods his fight begins within himself. He searches his soul. *John Mersereau's* "The Whispering Canyon" (Clode. $2) has its scene laid among the redwoods of California. The hero is a returned soldier. Melodrama follows. The hero's father has been murdered, Whispering Canyon is in jeopardy, Lew Selby emerges as the villain of the piece. The hero and his neighbor, Antonia Lee, fight the forces of evil, and are brought eventually into each other's arms. "The Golden Squaw," by *Will W. Whalen* (Dorrance. $1.75), possesses a more permanent quality than either of the foregoing, inasmuch as the story is founded on the actual kidnapping of Mary Jemison Smith, who was stolen by the Indians in 1758. She was an Irish girl, taken from Buchanan Valley in Adams County, Pennsylvania. Collectors of Americana are familiar with the published autobiography of this Irish White Squaw. The author of the present novel calls her "an unchurched saint," and has endeavored to recreate her as she lived in those startling times, though he admits that he has freely invested the known facts with the colors of his imagination. He lived for years in Buchanan Valley. And then here is "the Flying Emerald," by *Ethelreda Lewis* (Doran. $2), frankly a romance of love and revenge laid in Southwest Africa. There is the mystery of the green diamond. The story is dramatic and sentimental. The local color, however, is of some interest and the yarn well spun. Finally, rather a good story for young people is "Young James," by *Evelyn Sharp* (Longmans. $2). Its hero is a small boy of seven.

Mention of a few volumes of verse and drama will complete our shelf. In the first place we can heartily recommend as an anthology, *Langford Reed's* "A Book of Nonsense Verse" (Putnams), illustrated by *H. M. Bateman.* It is a catholic and entertaining collection. *Peggy Bacon's* "Funerealities" (The Aldergate Press), is amusingly mortuary in its tone, and is written and illustrated by a talented eccentric. It is chastely bound and printed. A slight volume,—more or less for the sophisticated. "From the Rays of the Rainbow," by *Mary Sanger Simonds* (Putnams), and "From Under a Bushel," by *Edna Hyde* (C. A. A. Parker, Saugus, Mass. $2), are negligible books of verse. *Mr. Frank Belknap Long, Jr.*, in "A Man From Genoa," is somewhat better. He has a feeling for the ballad, and for "gorgeous golden things." His little book is published by W. Paul Cook, at Athol, Massachusetts, at The Recluse Press. It bears a too-laudatory preface by *Samuel Loveman.* "Equinox," by *Elizabeth Curtis*, comes from Harold Vinal, at 13 West 54th Street. It is the best of all these slight books of verse, with more distinction of technique.

Finally, here is one of the Appleton Modern Plays, edited by *Frank Shay*, namely, *John V. A. Weaver's* one-acter "So That's That," in his "In American" style of verse. This is an ingenious and original trifle; and now that Mr. Weaver's "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" is running so successfully in New York, "So That's That" should be acceptable as a curtain-raiser or performance for small companies. "The Chief Thing: A Comedy for Some, a Drama for Others," is the published version of the new Theatre Guild Play, which we hear is extremely good in performance. It is a full-length four-act drama by *Vicolas Evréinoff*, and the Theatre Guild Acting Version has been made from translations by *Herman Bernstein* and *Leo Randole.* The book is published for The Guild by Doubleday, Page and Company. The play's *première* in New York was upon March 22nd. *Constance D'Arcy Mackay's* "America Triumphant: A Pageant of Patriotism," comes from Appleton ($1.25), and is a pageant designed to fit the present anniversary year, the 150th since the signing of the Declaration of Independence,—as 1927 will be the 150th anniversary of the Birth of the Stars and Stripes.

A novel with the heraldic title "De Sable au Chef d'Azur" (Emile-Paul Frères), by Jean Beslière, is well written, but its subject places the author among those novelists who handle immoral subjects with moral effect, like Brieux, for instance, though with less art. M. Beslière is the author of "La Mouette" with Alain Morsang, of "Franzili," "Marguerite Fauguenoy," etc. The book appears in the "Collection Edmond Jaloux."

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

ANOTHER SET OF SIGNERS.

THE Anderson Galleries announce the sale of historical collection relating to the American Revolution formed by Dr. George C. F. Williams of Hartford, Conn., on May 17 and 18. This collection covers the genesis and early growth of the United States and is one of great importance. It comprises books, broadsides, pamphlets, autographs, documents and manuscripts of the periods of the French and Indian War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812, and includes a large collection relating to the Stamp Act. The outstanding feature of the collection is a complete set of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, together with duplicates of many of them, including that of Button Gwinnett, who is represented by a superb signed document—a bond given by him to John Neufville in 1774—which came from the papers of an old Revolutionary family; and by the cut signature from the C. C. Jones-Joline collections. The document contains some very important historical data bearing on the life and history of Button Gwinnett. For instance, it states that Gwinnett was a planter and shows that Lyman Hall, who was also a Georgia signer, was his executor; and it mentions his connection with the Neufvilles, a prominent South Carolina family. Another feature of special interest is the collection of autograph letters, documents, and manuscripts of Washington and his generals, presenting aspects of the great struggle from actual participants. Another group contains autographic material from the beginning of the French and Indian War to the conclusion of the treaty of peace. There is also a collection of autograph letters, and the first draft with alterations of the provisional articles of peace between the Colonies and Great Britain, from the private and secret files of Lord Shelburne, Marquess of Lansdowne, an opponent of the policy of coercion of the American Colonies, and prime minister when the terms of peace were negotiated; and from the files of Thomas Townshend, Viscount Sidney, a member of the cabinet of Georgie III. Other items of importance include the diary, orderly books, and original manuscript of Vol. III of Governor Hutchinson's "History of the Province of Massachusetts Bay."

A SOURCE FOR HISTORIANS.

THE New York Historical Society announces that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has agreed to furnish the money necessary for mounting and preserving a collection of newspapers and clippings relating to the World War which will fill 400 volumes. This collection covers the entire period from the beginnig of the war to the present controversy over the settlement of foreign debts. It has been brought together by Otto Spengler of the Argus Press Clipping Bureau. In addition to the copies of leading newspapers of New York and other American cities, the collection contains a vast amount of material from London, Paris, Berlin, Geneva, Vienna, Milan, Belgium, and Holland. "The importance of the collection of newspaper clippings cannot be overestimated," said the executive committee of the New York Historical Society in its annual report just issued, "containing as it will all of the associated news of daily events, the writing of special correspondents at the front, all editorials, cartoons, correspondence of soldiers at the front or in camps, news of the armistice, Versailles conference, Dawes report and final settlement of war debts with the United States, it will make the best contemporary record of the World War to which future historians can turn.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

"A Reconstruction of the Old-Latin Text or Texts of the Gospels used by Saint Augustine: With a Study of their Character," by C. H. Milne, headmaster of Daniel Stewart's College, Edinburgh, will be published next autumn by the Cambridge University Press.

The report comes from London that Dr. Rosenbach has not only bought most of the rarer lots in the sale of the two additional parts of the Britwell Court Library at Sotheby's, but he is buying a great deal of material from private owners as well.

A little volume which has been issued by the Rose Bindery of 603 Boyleston street, Boston, on "Your Library and Our Work" will be of special interest to booklovers. The volume is bound in boards, with plates tipped in showing specimens of the work which has been done at this bindery, and which is its own recommendation. The accompanying text gives many valuable hints to the owners of collections of rare books in regard to the care of their treasures.

The new tomb of the poet Field in the Church of the Holy Comforter, in Kenilworth, Ill., bears the simple inscription, "Eugene Field, 1850-1895, the Children's Poet."

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The Phoenix Nest

WE are apprised of the fact that Albert and Charles Boni have just contracted for the American publication of that strange and weird romance for the few, *E. R. Eddison's* "The Worm Ouroboros." * * * It is a book in which the English publisher, *Jonathan Cape*, has a strong belief (he published it in England), and we recall talking to him about it upon his last visit to this country. * * * The author is an eccentric, and has naturally attracted to his work the attention of two such eccentric geniuses as *James Branch Cabell* and *James Stephens*. The American edition will bear a foreword by the former and an introduction by the latter. * * * Another book the Bonis are fostering is an intimate story of the high aristocratic group in Rome today, a novel which should please the esoteric. This is *Thornton Wilder's* "The Cabala." * * * We have known Mr. Wilder since he was a Yale undergraduate and a fashioner of delicate and fantastic one-act plays. We have always believed that he had in him the stuff of genius. * * * Whether his forthcoming first book will entirely convey his true quality remains to be seen, but it is certain to have distinction of style. * * * *Maude Adams* is giving us the story of her life in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, a chronicle full of charm and individuality. And *Jack Barrymore's* "Confessions of an Actor" is being printed by Bobbs-Merrill. It is said to be unconventional, candid and witty. * * * Doran is bringing out *Milt Gross's* "Nize Baby," which we have found most amusing from week to week in our *Sunday World*, even as we have found his "Gross Exaggerations" in our daily *Evening World*. * * * Gross has gained a deserved niche in the hall of fame of modern American humor, and has exploited a hitherto uncelebrated dialect with engaging fantasy. * * * Sponsored by *Vachel Lindsay*, *Stoddard King*, Oregon colyumist and author of that famous wartime ditty, "The Long, Long Trail," now comes forward, by way of Doran, with "What the Queen Said," a book of as clever light verse as we have read in a blue moon. * * * *Horace Green*, who was once our Captain in the Army, has just succeeded *Frederick S. Hoppin* as President and Director of Duffield & Company. Mr. Green has had an interesting career, as war correspondent, founder of the Air Service Publishing Company in Washington, advisory editor of *The Forum*, author of "The Life of Calvin Coolidge," editor of the Contemporary Statesmen Series, and so on. He is the son of *George Walton Green*, one of the early secretaries of the American Copyright League. * * * *Barry Pain* has now parodied *Michael Arlen*. You may remember his parody of *A. S. M. Hutchinson*, "If Winter Don't." Now—all *pour le sport*—he bounds into the ring again with "This Charming Green Hat Fair" (Adelphi). * * * We are so modest that we don't know quite how to refer to a juvenile that will appear some five months from now, in the early fall. We wrote it ourselves, and we have just been looking over some perfectly charming illustrations that a lady from Philadelphia has done for it. * * * Well, you'll have to wait for it. We know it's hard! * * * Plays of schoolboy life and love are rare, stories common. * * * The deserved success at the Belmont of "Young Woodley" is partly due to the lovable character of *Glenn Hunter*, who here is eternal youth in one of its most moving aspects, but also to the playwright's success in making drama out of what before had been often narrative, but seldom dramatic. * * * *Kipling* handled this theme, but not so that the stage could use it. * * * The play has just been published by Simon and Schuster—and it has been banned in London. * * * *Suzanne Lenglen* having published a novel about tennis and now being announced as author of a "how to be graceful" book (for some time in the near future), we may soon expect a book of sketches by *Helen Wills* to be copped off by some enterprising firm. Helen isn't such a bad draughtsman at that, to judge by her sketches of Suzanne and Didi Vlasto that we have seen in the papers. * * * The new firm of William Morrow and Company, Inc., has signed up *Rupert Hughes* for a biography of "George Washington: The Human Being and the Hero." It will appear this fall. * * * The case of *J. M. Synge* is recalled by the recent news that *Sean O'Casey's* play, "The Plough and the Stars," which dealt with the rising of Easter, 1916, proved unappetizing to the Irish Republicans upon its performance at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. * * * There was considerable riot. It was charged that the Free State had subsidized the playwright to malign *Pearse* and *Connolly*. * * * Yet "The Playboy of the Western World" resulted in even more of a free-for-all. * * * Dear, dear, but the Irish are quare. They consistently produce genius and as consistently rotten-egg it. * * * *Leonard Merrick* has said many complimentary things about the work of young *Richard Connell*, whose "Apes and Angels" and "Variety" you may or may not know. They are books of short stories well worth getting acquainted with. * * * Their publisher is Minton, Balch. * * * Requests for a good edition of *W. H. Hudson's* first novel, "Fan," have led Dutton to publish a new limited edition of it. * * * Hudson originally published "Fan" under the pen-name, "Henry Harland." * * * Funny, to choose that as a pen-name! But Harland originally used a pen-name himself, "Sidney Luska." * * * By the way, don't confuse Eddison's "The Worm Ouroboros," which we mentioned at the beginning of this column, with *Garet Garrett's* "Ouroboros," one of Dutton's Today and Tomorrow Series. * * * The latter deals with international economic problems and is of special interest to the sociologist and economist. * * * *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*, the distinguished bookseller of Hartford, has now branched into publishing. He has brought out, for one thing, *Thomas De Quincey's* "Toilette of the Hebrew Lady," chastely paper-bound. It exhibits De Quincey's strange erudition and love of beauty. * * * Mr. *Henry Goddard Leach* has sent us the March number of *The Forum* bound in boards, to celebrate *The Forum's* completion of its fortieth year. * * * *Vachel Lindsay* has sent us the fourth imprint of *The Village Magazine*, written and illustrated by himself. * * * We are in receipt of *The Gypsy*, the Cincinnati All-Poetry Magazine,—of *Idella Purnell's Palms*, from Guadalajara, Mexico,—of *The Buccaneer*, a Journal of Poetry, from Dallas, Texas (edited now by *Dawson Powell*),—of *Harold Vinal's Voices*,—of *Edwin Valentine Mitchell's Book Notes*,—and of *The Writer*, an Authors' Monthly Forum, published in Boston. * * * We glean that *Robin Douglas*, the son of *Norman Douglas*, has written the story of his life from the age of sixteen to twenty-one, when he was a vagabond in London streets. * * * Again, let us make sure that you get hold of *John Metcalfe's* "The Smoking Leg." * * * Metcalfe early came in contact with the seamiest side of London life because his father was an ex-sea captain who became an institution worker in the Barnado Homes, a national chain of homes for waifs, strays, and wayward children in general. * * * After serving in the Royal Air Force during the war, Metcalfe took up teaching to make a living; and, in order to write, he used to get up at four o'clock every morning throughout termtime, cooking his breakfast and authoring until school opened. * * * This record fills us with utter despair! * * * *Joseph Anthony*, the writer formerly associated with Harper's and the Century Company, has now become editorial adviser for Simon and Schuster. * * * The closing date of the Edward J. Clode $2,500 prize novel contest has been extended from March first to May first. * * * *John Macy*, author of "The Story of the World's Literature," and so on, has become literary adviser to William Morrow and Company, Inc. * * * *John S. Leahy* of St. Louis, Missouri, has offered $1,000 as a prize to the author of the most significant essay on *Dante Alighieri* and his work. * * * If you are interested in this competition, get the March 17th number of *The Commonweal*, published by the Calvert Publishing Corporation at 25 Vanderbilt Avenue. * * * In our March 20th issue, we were glad to see Mr. *Wickham Steed* quoting "an American rhymester's" jingle about *Colonel House*. As a matter of fact, the lines were written by our own *Christopher Morley* in his long-ago column in *The Philadelphia Evening Ledger*. * * * The other night we saw *Daniel N. Rubin's* "Devils," which was powerful, but seemed to be strumming with a heavier hand the same strings that "Rain" plucked so powerfully. * * * But *Jennet Adair* had at least one moment of supreme acting, and *Ruth Mero* and *John Cromwell* were, of course, impressive. * * * *J. C. Squire*, they tell us, has now grown a marvelous Assyrian beard! * * * So let that serve as colophon to this week's comment!

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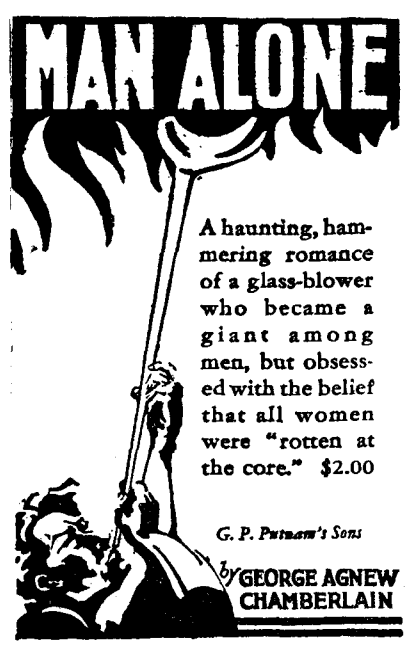

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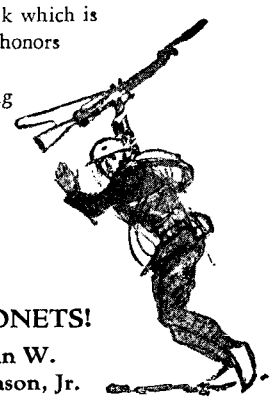

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